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HOW WE RAISED

OUR BABY,

BY A BENEDICT.



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR OF

“HELEN’S BABIES.”

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NEW YORK.
DERBY BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
27 PARK PLACE.

—
1877.

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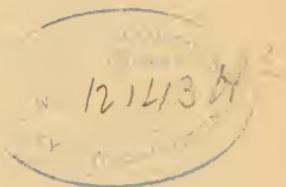
BY A BENEDICT,

Jerome Walker MD

With an introduction by the author of

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DEDICATED

TO

EVERY WOMAN,

WHO HAS, OR MAY HAVE THE CARE OF A BABY, AND

EVERY MAN,

WHO, IN HIS OWN HOME, OR BY HIS INFLUENCE

IS IN ANY WAY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE

WELFARE OF CHILDREN.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE cordiality which many thousands of readers have manifested in their reception of a couple of little books about children, emboldens the undersigned to say an earnest word or two in commendation of a book rather more serious than his own, but infinitely more valuable to those who are interested in children. For if the apparent regard of adults for little people be as genuine as the writer believes it to be, there is something not only undesirable but horrible in the fact that half of the human beings who are born into this world depart with a haste which no quantity of tears and parental love (as at present manifested in most families,) is able to retard. There is a certain mournful consistency in the course of humanity toward children ; the little beings are usually styled angels, so they are generally treated as if they possessed the supposed angelic faculty of being superior to the earthly condition of food, raiment, air, light, cleanliness, and all else that contributes to healthfulness ; in their case, however, the jewel-like nature of consistency is not apparent.

It is quite possible that a perusal of this volume may prevent a few hasty marriages, and may break some matches which if made in heaven, must have been arranged by apprentices ; in such case however, the author is to be blessed and not cursed.

The intensity of the paternal sentiment can certainly be affected in some manner which may prevent the multitude of infant deaths, and the frequency with which promising babies grow to be stupid men and women, criminals and even scribblers and congressmen, and books, like the one now before the reader, are better fitted than any other to begin the work of reformation.

JOHN HABBERTON.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 25th, 1877.

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CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL.

WE were married in Illinois, and I, Robert Matthews, brought my wife to New York. Though *my* acquaintances were many, it was long before Lena could feel exactly “at home,” for she had lived for years with her parents in the old homestead. The youngest of seven children (some of whom had left to provide homes for themselves—the rest had “passed over to the majority,”) every wish had been gratified. She undoubtedly had been petted, as the youngest will be, but she was not “spoilt.” Inherited vigor of intellect, bodily energy, and a sunny disposition, sustained a not very strong body.

My salary was a moderate one, but enough for two and a servant. The little money I had saved before marriage served to plainly furnish a small house. The cupboard, with the neatly arranged shelves, showing to the best advantage our little

stock of dishes and cooking utensils ; the new black-walnut clock, the bright carpets and polished furniture ; the array of towels, napkins, sheets and pillow-cases in our linen closet ; the round table in our sitting-room, with its bright crimson cover ; our collection of books—all pointed to comfort. We *were* comfortable. For the first year little was planned for the future. The present was sufficient in its happiness. The ease with which we accommodated ourselves to circumstances, as I look back now, was wonderful.

On Bridget's day out, the meals were none the worse for Lena's cooking. If we had griddle-cakes, we ate in the kitchen, Lena and I taking turns in supplying each other with *hot* cakes. (And, let me say here, that such light, hot, delicious, digestible cakes are not easily obtained, when the servant or dumb-waiter is compelled to carry them from room to room.)

Concerts, lectures and entertainments we enjoyed occasionally, as the funds could be spared. Read-

ing, visiting, and receiving visitors, who naturally wished to see the “young couple,” occupied our time—till the baby came. Mrs. Billings, our stylish neighbor, on hearing of the arrival, sent over her maid to inquire “how Mrs. M. was.” Little Mrs. Jones, down the street, with a houseful of care and armsful of babies, stopped in “just to see if she couldn’t be of service;” and of great service she was, putting things to rights and preparing breakfast for me, and some tea and panada for Lena. Bridget had left us in the lurch—anticipating the “arrival;” and I, wholly ignorant of what ought to be done, had failed to solicit Doctor Namen’s services in advance, as I should have done several weeks previously, and, at the last moment almost, was compelled to call in Doctor Lyons, who lived close by. Lena bore up bravely, with the assistance and encouragement of the doctor, but she was much exhausted, and here was a little crying baby to be washed, dressed and fed.

By this time the sun had begun to throw his morn-

ing rays into the room, and the doctor, saying that bright light should not shine into the eyes of the little one, else they might become sore, put out the gaslight, and closed those shutters which directed the sun's rays into the baby's face, leaving space for sunlight to reach other parts of the room, and advised nothing to be given to the infant to eat till the mother would feel strong enough to nurse it, unless the child was very hungry. shown by crying and sucking of fists.

“ If your wife was strong enough, Mr. Matthews, I should desire her,” he said, “ to attempt to nurse for her own and the baby's sake, within one hour after its birth. This early nursing hastens the milk, acts—from the so-called ‘ colostrum ’ particles which the secretion contains at this time—as a laxative to the child, and prevents sometimes serious hemorrhages with the mother. In one sense you are fortunate in not having a nurse at this time—you are saved meaningless or hurtful suggestions. The ignorant woman believes in giving molasses and water, or a little gin,

etc. The more intelligent (?) will advise some medicine. Our best nurses come from the Schools for Nurses—connected with our hospitals. But few in number as yet, their services command a price too costly to the man with a small salary. If I had been aware of your situation, I might have found you a reliable woman, willing to work and follow out directions; but you must obtain some one for a day or two, till I can look around.”

The doctor kindly waited while I started out to hunt up a nurse; met our washerwoman at the door; and she, saying she would send up her sister, the Widow Flynn, a woman who had raised a family of her own, I was thoroughly satisfied, and reported at headquarters up-stairs. “Beware,” said the doctor, as he took up his hat to leave—“beware of widows, and of those who found their ability to care for children on having ‘raised a family.’”

Mrs. Jones came in soon after, and, while she was in the kitchen, the widow arrived. I answered the bell, and ushered a large, muscular, stolid-faced woman into the bedroom.

Depositing a forlorn-looking, enameled cloth bag upon the floor, she took off a musty-smelling shawl and bonnet, and, seating herself, asked for the baby, some water, a towel and a piece of soap. I handed her the baby, wrapped up in a shawl, as carefully as I could, for handling a baby under such circumstances is, for a novice, a very delicate business.

At this point I left the room for my breakfast, and Mrs. Jones appeared with the panada. She afterward told me that she found that the widow had soaped the child and was then rubbing it briskly with a rather coarse towel. The little one was screaming and my wife complained of feeling so tired that Mrs. Jones merely suggested that if a little oil were rubbed over the body and a softer towel used, the baby could be cleansed sufficiently for the first washing. Mrs. Flynn replied that "she ought to know—hadn't she had nine children of her own; and where could any one point to finer children?—and she would thank people to let her alone." Well, thought I, they *are*

the sturdiest, dirtiest set of youngsters I have set my eyes on—and is mine to be like them? Heaven forbid! As I entered our bedroom, the first disagreement that had entered into our home, was quite apparent. There sat the nurse, with the baby dressed lying on her capacious lap, and, with a teaspoon, she was endeavoring to feed it some thin arrowroot. She had already given the molasses and gin. Lena, weak as she was, was protesting—urged the importance of doing as the doctor had said, and baby was seconding it all by screams, the like of which I had never heard before. Finally all was quiet.

Urging upon my wife the necessity of attempting to nurse, with regularity if possible, every two or three hours, as the doctor had suggested, I left for a few hours' business, procured a servant and sent her to the house. Billings met me, and was surprised that I should have an addition "so early in married life. It was not considered exactly the thing." Jones, the man of large family, congratulated me warmly, but rather overdid it, I thought

when he wished me many happy returns of the day." But he was not to blame, for he was overworked, and did not always apply ideas correctly.

At any rate, I started homeward quite proud—had sent telegrams to mother and mother-in-law; but I found my poor wife in tears, because she did not seem to have anything, and she "*did* wish to nurse her baby, because it was right, and better for mother and child." In this dilemma, what could I do but send for the doctor? What he said and did we shall see.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOCTOR.

DID I say that I *sent* for the doctor? No; *I went* for him. The day that had begun so fairly as to weather, disappeared in gloom and sloppiness, and by the time I reached the office—though the doctor lived but a short distance off—my spirits lowered into sympathy with the surrounding darkness. I was but little surprised to find that the doctor was not “at home,” and so mechanically walked in, sat down, and waited quietly for ten minutes—very impatiently for the next fifteen. It occurred to me, then, that doctors ought to be ready when you wanted them.

Here was a family at home—new member probably screeching, wife crying, and the widow determined to carry her point. The thought of such a scene, to a man accustomed hitherto to peace and quietness, irritated me, even though I then heard

the doctor enter. Instead of coming directly to me, as I expected he would, he really sat down and talked with a forlorn-looking woman, in a faded shawl, rusty dress, and a bonnet that could only have been new years before. The woman had a child in her arms—a sickly one, to be sure, and the woman was in the office when I came—but then, here was *my* family wanting the doctor. This must be a “charity” case, of course—while I was ready, just at that time at least, to pay almost any amount for advice; but the woman got up to leave, and, as she thanked the physician, and the little one held out a puny hand and feebly said “Good-by,” it did seem as if sometimes it might “be more blessed to give than to receive.”

For a moment I had almost forgotten my own anxiety in the little humane sympathy which will at times ruffle the surface in spite of one’s determination not to be overcome.

Having inquired as to my errand, and receiving the statement that affairs were decidedly squally at

264 Tenth Street, Doctor Lyons and I started. It is all very well to say "Don't anticipate trouble;" but a man who has left but a little while before his *new* baby trying to concentrate all its features into one unsightly bunch in the centre of the face, by pucker-ing lines, radiating in all directions from the common centre, and whose voice rang out with alarming clear-ness; but with little variation in note—whose wife, before known to possess self-control, was now com-pletely unstrung—is not in a condition to be calm. Then there was that nurse standing guard. What if the baby shouldn't get natural food—how was it going to live, and what would my wife do? Down at the office that day Salter had called, congratulated me of course, sat down, and, as if it might be useful for me to know, told of *their* first baby—how it didn't nurse, because it couldn't get anything, how they tried every food that was recommended by the neighbors and friends, and still it grew weaker and weaker, until, finally, a "kind Providence removed it from its sufferings by death." After thinking over

all this, and of what Billings had said, it did seem rather tough to have one's family increased so soon, and then to run such a chance of losing the new comer as appeared to be opening up.

Lost in reverie, I was aroused by the Doctor saying :

"Did you notice that woman's face when she thanked me?"

I had seen that it was clearly cut, with none of those swollen or discolored rounded spots so indicative of intemperance in eating or drinking. It was pale, the cheeks were somewhat sunken, though on them appeared for a moment or two a faint flush, as she rose to leave. The eyes and eyelids did their share in thanking. All this I had noticed, but it left no lasting impression.

"That woman," said the doctor, "was one of the brightest, prettiest woman, ten years ago, that you ever saw ; but, unfortunately, she had been brought up in luxury—had no settled purpose in life, except to get married. Her daily life consisted in dressing

and redressing, eating, receiving calls and going to parties and entertainments, she was naturally smart, and had her physical development been encouraged even a tenth part as much as her mind had been forced, she would have been in a different condition of life now. When she played croquet it was like an automaton. When she endeavored to skate she became tired, and with a pain in her side sat down to rest. Horseback-riding was 'too severe'; outdoor sports blistered her hands, tanned or freckled her face, and there wasn't anything pleasant in taking a walk for health. Like a fragile plant deprived of sunshine and air, she had grown, but was pale, of lax fibre, and showed few signs of vital energy. To make a long story short, she married the same style of a man. The baby that was born to them was a pale, sickly-looking sort of a child, such as a friend of mine used to call a 'spermaceti baby.' Though the mother tried very hard to raise the child, yet it soon showed its poor heredity. Rickets developed, the bones were soft and bent, the ligaments at the joints

were feeble and relaxed, the ribs sinking in at the angles interfered with breathing, the appetite was poor. At the end of two years the child died of inflammation of the lungs. When the second one was born, two years afterward, the parents were poor. Soon the father died, and here is this woman battling against poverty and hereditary defects, in the hope that she may be able to keep this child alive. Poverty has helped her more than she imagines, however, for if she had been able to give the delicacies that once she could command, this child would have followed the other. By being able to control the food of mother and child, through our diet dispensary, and by having the mother come frequently for advice, I believe that the boy will pull through. Certainly the mother is stronger than she once was. It *is* surprising to see how much there is to the worker even in the midst of poverty, when there is something and somebody to work for."

By this time we had reached my door. Though it was dark, still, and the sidewalk was dotted with

puddles of water, and the walking was disagreeable —yet, in spite of the general discomfort surrounding me, my heart was light with sympathy for the poor woman who was battling against such odds. This feeling developed into the belief that I must help her.

It was extremely pleasant, therefore, to me, in this state of mind, to find the baby asleep, though I saw that the doctor had perceived the odor of the nurse's gin when we entered the room.

Mrs. Flynn had been aroused with difficulty by repeated ringings at the door-bell, and she showed unmistakable evidences of having taken some of the medicine which she had recommended for the "poor baby's little stomach." As she sat herself down it did seem as if her natural vigor of purpose was fortified for aggressive work.

Leaving her there, the doctor passed to the bedside and assured my wife that there was nothing to dread at present—that it might be five days before she could nurse the child properly; but probably

only two or three. A few words of encouragement, given in his quiet way, served to calm Mrs. Matthews, and in a little while she was fast asleep.

"As there are no more calls on my list, and it is so disagreeable out of doors, let us go into another room, after I have turned down the light somewhat," said the physician, "and we can then talk over this whole matter without disturbing the little one or its mother. Do you know, Mr. Matthews, that you will have to disturb that *widow*? Discharge her tomorrow. A woman who can't keep awake, who carries bottles in her handbag, who takes gin as a beverage—isn't just the person to leave in charge of your wife and baby. I know you did the best you could under the circumstances, but, now that we know the woman, the sooner she is disposed of the better.

"Nothing like promptness here. I have seen so many accidents happen to other men's wives from ignorant nurses, that I don't care to risk your wife with this one. Educate women for nurses, pay them living wages, and hold them responsible—that's my

belief. If you don't feel like sending her off, I will do it in the morning when I call, and will see to it, also, that you have a reliable woman very soon afterward. These women who have raised so many children, and who are fond of describing the method, are too dogmatic to suit me. They imagine that all children are, or *ought* to be, constructed alike.

"Why, there was that kind neighbor of Mrs. Bond's, on the next block to you, who insisted upon giving Mrs. Bond's little one some patent food, because *her* children had been raised on it. The baby couldn't take it, didn't want it ; threw it up, made all sorts of faces, and after all I found that the neighbor's babies hadn't been raised very far, for most of them died early. You must look into these matters at the outset. Friends and neighbors will crowd in upon *you* before long, and it requires a level head to know how to manage. Find out that a baby isn't a mere machine ; get all the solid information you can from reliable sources, and then go ahead. In a day or two I will loan you some first-rate

books, and command me whenever you wish advice. A word more before I go. This wife of yours is not strong, but she is sensible and willing to do all she can, and will work beyond her strength. Now help her. You will say that you didn't suppose the father will have much to do in raising a baby. Yes, I know that idea is very often practically carried out, but it isn't right. There are many ways in which you can help her to raise the child, without having to tend the baby yourself, and there is no reason why the woman should do everything. It is well enough to have your wife's mother come here, and you must have a good nurse for two or three weeks, but don't rely *entirely* on either. So good-evening."

The night was passed in comparative quiet. Baby and wife slept, so did Mrs. Flynn, but not quietly—for ever and anon I was aroused from my slumber by a series of short grunting sounds which always ended in what I felt sure was an unusually vigorous snore.

It was with pleasure, therefore, that I was aroused from this restless, uneasy sleep, by the approach of daylight. Very soon after breakfast, which I attempted to prepare, the doctor came.

For ten minutes there was some loud talking in the sitting-room, and when the widow came out it was evident that her self-conceit had been wounded. I paid her, and as she tied on her bonnet and pinned her shawl, her fingers seemed to grasp these objects a little more tightly than there was necessity for.

“It’s very strange, seems to me, that you can’t know when you are well off. A woman who has raised a family like my own to be turned off at a moment’s notice! A little gin ain’t so bad as you all make out. You will see the time when you will be glad to stop his stomach-ache with it. Well, no matter. Doctor Lyons will be sorry for all this!”

And so she went out, and, as she did so, the doctor ushered in Mrs. Lawrence. She was a little body, but, when she had spoken kindly to my wife, kissed

the baby, smoothed the pillows, cleaned and aired the room, I was confident that all was going smoothly ; so I sent for my mother-in-law.

CHAPTER III.

THE MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

WITH our new nurse and new servant, home prospects seemed to brighten. To be sure, Katie somehow or other couldn't brown the biscuits just right, and the coffee failed at times to emit any aroma, or on other occasions it was undoubtedly burnt, but the blame was laid upon the "new-notioned French coffee-pot," and so satisfied was our domestic with the good things she *did* accomplish, that she was very cheery. In fact, she was a typical specimen of a healthy, robust Irish girl, willing to work, and not at all afraid of it.

I felt sure that I did not over-estimate my wife's ability to manage household matters when she would be well, and it did not seem as if there could be any clashing. The nurse did so nicely, too. Her methods were so simple, and yet effective. Mrs. M——

and the baby thrived—the one on good, solid, substantial food, which she was able to take by the third day, and the other on the results, milk. The little one did not need much food apparently, for it slept most of the time, but made good use of what it did take. At the end of a week, thanks to the good care and food, Lena felt very much like “being at work.” What a strange procedure it was, not many years ago even, to feed a woman on slops simply because a baby had been born. Our little family seemed to appreciate the present age, and so comparative comfort was restored. It could be only comparative, for baby had a way of rousing us at night, demanding attention just as the evening paper was to be read, or of tuning up in the midst of a conversation. It was certainly a new experience. The neighbors began to pour in upon us, too, especially the female element, in a way unheard of before, in our quiet quarters. Mrs. Billings showered congratulations upon my wife in one moment, while in the next she “hoped that baby wasn’t going to tie her down, for

there was so much going on—the fair and raffle at Rev. Mr. Barnaby's church, the opening of a new and immense variety store—and then a new nursery was to be founded, for the care of dear little children. And," said the energetic, inconsistent lady, "Mrs. Matthews, we expect you to be one of our managers. It will be such a pleasure for you to care for the little ones, now that you have one of your own."

Our next-door neighbor Mrs. Percy, was gruff in exterior, but with a kindly heart. Her offers of assistance seemed to us at first not to be reliable, but as we knew more of our friend, as she came to be, her goodness revealed itself in motherly care and solicitude. She was the only woman of our acquaintance, by-the-way, who did not believe or state that the dear baby was "just like its father or mother," as the case might be. "Little difference does it make, Mrs. Matthews," she would say, "what your baby looks like: handsome is that handsome does; or, as my old father used to say (and he was somewhat of a natural-born doctor), give your youngsters good

sound underpinnings, and then what goes on atop of them will stand and look well enough." Then there was the finicky Mrs. Lazelle, who lived four doors down, good by nature, willing to help, but she was not a favorite with any one, so far as I could see. Her trials, according to her own statement, were more severe than those of other people. Her husband, kind as any man could be, when they were married, now that four children had come, neglected her, was absorbed in his business, and then he didn't attempt to control the children any more, etc., etc." You have all heard the same story repeated again and again, and so did we; but then added to ours were little bits of gossip, and any number of querulous complaints. Whether Mr. L—— was such a man as his wife portrayed, and she such a faithful and pains-taking wife, as her story revealed, I did not know at the time, though I have had occasion since to become intimately acquainted with both of them.

Among the young unmarried ladies who were welcome was a Miss Oley, given to good works. Al-

ready had her name been "handed in" as a "manager" in the newly proposed institution for the young, though she was at the time a faithful worker in the Diet Dispensary cause, a leading member of her Church, corresponding secretary for the Mission Society, teacher of an evening "ragged school," founder of an afternoon sewing school, originator of *fêtes*, festivals and entertainments, and a friend of the poor and unfortunate. Her enthusiasm was contagious, and already my wife was, unawares, laying plans for future usefulness. It was a study to watch Miss Oley's eyes fairly sparkle as she enumerated the advantages to be obtained by this new nursery. They already seemed real, so vividly were they outlined.

On the tenth day after the baby was born, my mother-in-law, Mrs. Vincent, arrived by the eight o'clock morning express train, and in a short time after trunk, bundles, and parcels were stowed away in the "spare room," and a breakfast had been eaten, she was thoroughly at home. Her coming seemed to straighten out the little inequalities apparent in a

house which had been without a housekeeper's care for nearly two weeks.

The nurse, faithful as she was, could not look into the details of house management, and neither did Katie desire her to, for she had confidence in herself; and then it was extremely inconvenient to be interrupted in the midst of a conversation with Joe, the butcher's boy, or to be asked to do this or that just as her cousin (?) Tom Mullins had called to spend the evening.

As Mrs. Vincent assumed charge, the machinery began to move. Joe loitered less at the basement-door, and remembered that he was needed at the shop; Tom failed to call as often as before, and took good care to leave at ten P. M. sharp, the time Mrs. V. closed the house for the night; meals were promptly served, and the food was well selected and well cooked; the cleanliness about the house was as of old, and I could see in everything that was done ways that reminded me of Lena, yet it was not Lena who sat opposite me at the dining-table, but a

tall woman, with features sharpened and pinched by age, with hair just turning to gray, whose eyes, though dimmed, yet were capable of glistening with animation, and bespoke a latent power in the owner. Her manner was dignified and precise, and were it not for the fact (known to myself) that she had allowed Lena to have her own way, over and over again, I should have supposed that she was always severe. I knew that she was determined at times, though I had never witnessed any exhibition of will—but that was to come.

“Robert,” she said, on the morning of the seventeenth day, after breakfast, “I do not believe that Lena will be able to nurse her child. The poor little thing needs more now than it did, and Lena never was very strong, and now that she has begun to walk around, there seems less nourishment than ever, but we will see what can be done. I think that the poor girl ought to have a wet-nurse, or you must buy a cow or a goat; for they do say that in New York water is put into all the milk you get, and I guess a good many other things, too, go in.”

I knew very well, from what my wife had said from time to time, that baby was more restless, and was much harder to take care of than before. I also knew that somebody was walking up and down the floor at night with it, and it seemed strange that all this should have occurred within a week.

Baby didn't sleep in its crib any longer at night, but "grandma" took care of it, so I learned. Having read some time before a book on "The danger to the young of sleeping with the old," the whole subject was so fresh in my mind, that I felt rather alarmed, but I did not care to say anything. It was an item, too, not to have the crib used, which I had spent so much money for.

To be sure, I *saw* but little of all this, as I was banished to a room by myself. From what I did know, however, it wasn't conducive to preservation of one's temper to be told that perhaps he might have to buy a cow. Already the baby had cost considerable taking the doctor, two nurses, crib, outfit and extra diet. It was now suggested that

it might be well to have a "christening supper" on the day of the baby's baptism. Little as Mrs. Billings believed in babies, she did believe in suppers and social gatherings, and, as it "was just the thing nowadays," it became a question whether or no *we* ought not to observe the prevailing custom. To be sure, it would cost something, if we did as we ought to; but, then, it was for the baby, and the occasion and expense would occur only once, so they said. It was decided, therefore, that the supper should take place, and those friends were to be invited who were interested in children, or who had children of their own.

As the baby did not seem to thrive, I walked over to the doctor's that evening to consult with him, and found him at home. He could not see why we were having trouble, and believed that Mrs. Matthews was not living as she ought to, for you see, said he, "although your wife is not very strong, yet a proper kind and sufficiency of food—exercise in the open air *every* day—entire freedom from worry,—pleasant

surroundings, with occasionally the careful use of certain medicines, will improve her health, and does in the *majority* of cases place the woman in a position to be able to nourish her child. There are nervous, excitable women, who never can nurse, and also a certain proportion who, by a hothouse propagation, and a fashionable observance of dress, haven't the necessary strength and formation of body. The third class comprises the lazy people, who find it too much trouble. Now, your wife, Matthews, doesn't belong to any one of these classes. She is not lazy, she has nervous and physical strength, and then to direct all, there is that rare possession 'common sense.' To be sure, she has not Mrs. Percy's strength, for she has not the same muscle, but she is small, energetic and wiry. These small people accomplish very much, and overcome obstacles that more muscular people would not attempt. I will run over in the morning. By-the-way, I understand *your* mother will be there then, I am glad of it. We can talk this whole matter over between us, and with two such

faithful guardians as mother and mother-in-law, your wife and baby ought to thrive. Good-evening."

As I started for home I hoped that all would go well--but I was doubtful, for *my* mother had decided views, too, and it was a question whether these might not clash with those of some one else.

My mother came in due time. Let me describe her appearance and ideas before we proceed further. Brought up in comfortable circumstances, she had always had plenty to eat, wear and spare. Living in the country among the hills, where the purest water was to be found and milk was abundant, where there were but few, if any, artificial wants, (such as we all deem necessary in the cities), and yet an abundance of the real necessities of life, she grew to womanhood.

Her married life was a pleasant, congenial one. The natural cheerful disposition of her younger days deepened and widened into a golden, ripe old age, full of life and happiness. There seemed to be but one cloud of sadness which would, at times, fall

upon her, as it had quite often come across her pathway in the first twenty years of her married life. It had its origin in the fact that "none of her boys were girls!" Five boys, and not one daughter. And so it happened that she grieved at times. Brought up among a healthy country people, where not to nurse children was such an exception that the mother doing this was almost a curiosity, it was quite natural that she should believe that women ought *always* to nurse their children.

Our baby was her first grandchild, and so, hearing of our roughened path toward a dietary, she hastened to us, fully convinced that Lena was no exception to the rule, which, by this time in her life, had become firmly fastened as a part of her being.

It was of little avail to argue with my dear mother upon the subject. The fact that she had, after all, during a long life, seen but very little of the difficulties in the way of raising children, such as are found among dense populations, was of no moment with her. Her faith was unshaken in natural feeding, and her whole soul was enlisted in the baby's cause.

CHAPTER IV.

"A MULTITUDE OF COUNSELORS."

WHEN Doctor Lyons called, a curious council was convened in behalf of our boy. Mrs. Vincent, strong in her determination to make *use* of *her* experience for my wife, sat calm but very dignified. Mother, not doubting for one moment that her logic of "duty" would be triumphant, was unusually cheerful. There sat my wife (still not strong), the doctor and myself.

Mrs. Vincent argued that Lena had never been very strong; that although it might be right to nurse if one could, if they couldn't, they couldn't; and then she had known of women dying of consumption who would nurse their children till they had almost to be taken away from them by force. For her part, if either was to die, she would rather have the baby go.

Mother couldn't see any reason why Lena should not nurse. All women ought to. Where she had been brought up, mothers did not believe in feeding, though they had the best of cows to get milk from. Consumption didn't come in her country by nursing, but only when people were careless.

Lena gave her experience, how she cried for the first few days so very often, during Mrs. Flynn's stay, and how the baby cried. Then Mrs. Lawrence came, and with her, hope for the future. She thought that the food she had had helped her very much, "and she knew the baby wasn't so troublesome, then, as he had been lately, when she had taken less exercise and had less food. Mother thinks so much food makes me bilious, and it is bad for baby. Mrs Billings was in to-day and insists upon it that I ought not to be bound down, just as everything is going on. I don't know what to do about it. Whatever is going to be right for the baby I want to do, but I can't stand it this way. He frets, won't take a long sleep, cries all night, and is so worrysome. Doctor,

what *am* I to do? Mrs. Matthews thinks I am foolish to give way, and mother thinks I am if I don't. I never thought babies were so hard to take care of. How in the world has Mrs. Jones ever raised so many children as she has, and not gone crazy?"

"This subject of the feeding of children," said the doctor, "is a vast one, and I should not have time to go over it all now. If you have time, look over this, "Coombe on the Management of Infancy," and this book, "Advice to Mothers, by Chavase. They are both reliable, and though they do not read like novels, yet there is much sound sense in them. I took the liberty, Mrs. Matthews, of telling your husband that you had common sense, and I believe you have, and I also believe that we may succeed in getting things to rights with you and the baby. Try to get out every day in the fresh air, and, by-the-way, don't shut your windows tight at night. The outside air is more often purer than that found in doors, coming up to bedrooms from kitchens, halls and the cellar. It is a curious sort of an idea people

have that they should not breathe night air. What other air can they breathe at night? Some of the baby's restlessness may be due to your close room. Your stove makes the air impure; every gas jet poisons as much air as four persons. Little babies need a good deal of air, but not too cold, or in strong draughts. I understand that yours won't sleep in the crib any more. Babies acquire habits very early. Take up a child because it frets or is restless, or rouse one from a sleep (as is so often done merely to gratify the curiosity of friends), and it soon learns to expect to be held. Feed a baby irregularly and it soon demands irregular feeding. Dose with soothing syrups and soon the dose has to be increased. Of course none of these things have happened with you, and I can hardly account for *this* change. Excuse me, Mrs. Matthews, but while I am talking, let me suggest that perhaps you have too much company. I can easily see why Mrs. Billings and Miss Oley should want to get you interested in the new nursery, but just now, don't think too much about it.

Let us get through with our private nursery first. Be cheerful, live well, take daily exercise, and follow out these written directions as to medicine, and then you will be better, I hope. Now for the baby. He is now old enough to go out every day if it is not windy or rainy. Mere dampness under foot need not keep him in, seeing that there is a baby carriage. Dress him warmly in light, fleecy garments, but don't put on so much clothing as to induce perspiration. I never could see why babies' faces should be covered with vails, especially on pleasant days. You may not be able to go out, or send him out; then open the window, put on your out-door wrappings and walk about the rooms.

"When night comes, and the baby is restless, and seems to cry with pain, warm the feet by the fire or rub them well with the hands. This rubbing is often very soothing. A heated flannel applied over the stomach is of service. Do not be led, I pray you, into giving sleep-drops. You say "they are said to be harmless." I would reply that those said to con-

tain no opium, are likely to have morphine instead, that I have seen several cases of poisoning from their use; that syrups, as they are, they are liable to interfere with digestion. Plain aniseed, catnip, peppermint, cinnamon or fennel tea are much safer.

"I am very sorry that I cannot agree entirely with either your mother or mother-in-law. While I have known consumption to ensue in the course of natural feeding or nursing, yet it was due to prolonged or improper nursing, or occurred in a woman with a hereditary tendency to disease of the lungs. I also cannot believe that because a woman is not as strong as Mrs. Percy, for instance, she should not nurse. Again, physicians know that in the country feeding is comparatively rare with infants; but when we look at our cities, pass through our tenement-houses, our institutions for the young, and find ourselves in the houses of the rich or well-to-do—the question as to natural or artificial feeding becomes a difficult one to decide at times. Each child and its mother is a study by themselves, and the one who can best an-

alyze and arrive at conclusions, will succeed most often in raising children. To make this whole matter plain, when you have time, I should be happy to act as escort for a trip to some of the institutions. We may be able to unravel histories and obtain information. Mr. Matthews tells me the baby is to be christened on Sunday. I hope all will be well, yet care is necessary in taking babies to and from church. If the day is very unpleasant, would it not be well to postpone the baptism? Our churches are generally heated too much or too little, and babies are tender little plants. Physicians find much to do among the babies of the Irish, especially, who are carried to church, to 'the christening,' the Sunday after they are born or the Sunday following. Statistics upon mortality in France show that a large proportion of deaths among infants there is due to this early exposure.

"One other point, before I leave," said the doctor. "Some of your kind neighbors will undoubtedly tell you, if they have not already, that your baby will

suffer from colic and dyspepsia, and be troublesome till he is three months old. Just at the turn into the fourth month he will be expected to do wonders. Now, my experience is, that it will be two, three, four, or even seven months before a change occurs, all depending upon the condition of the child, and the ability of parents and doctor to be rightful interpreters of signs and symptoms.

"Some babies are born very feeble, and have but a poor chance of living under the best care. Some, like yours, are born strong and fail afterward. Like all the popular beliefs which have gained ground, and still hold it, this one, as to a definite time for the recovery of an afflicted baby, has an element of truth in it. At about three months, saliva and the digestive juices are secreted in quite an appreciable amount, and babies have developed to such a degree that the digestive organs are able to accomplish more and better work. Now, if there has been simply a want of digestive power in the baby heretofore, at three months this will be largely remedied,

but you can easily think (without medical knowledge) of causes which might stand in the way of this natural remedy.

"A baby may have inherited digestive difficulties. It may not be able to nurse from some deformity of the mouth, lips, or throat. It may not digest the milk from mother or nurse, and feeding has to be resorted to. The *right* kind of food may agree, but unfortunately there is no one kind that will answer for all babies. Hence, if the baby can digest, and the food given is digestible and just the thing to sustain life, then all will go on well. Suppose that these combinations are not present, of what use is the three months' rule?"

Dr. Lyons withdrew, and our little family remained as before, except that Mrs. Vincent was more decided than ever in her expressions of dignified contempt for what she was pleased to call a "hobby" of the doctor's. "All doctors have their hobbies to ride. Why, there was a man out West, who called himself doctor, who was to cure every-

thing by rubbing. Then another one told everybody that electricity was just the thing. Another one gave no medicine at all; one used medicine for everything. I tell you this feeding business is a hobby with your doctor, and he wants everybody to nurse."

Mother could not keep from rubbing her hands with joy in the belief that her ideas had proved to be well founded, and though she evidently tried hard to restrain her tongue, it did say:

"Mrs. Vincent, Doctor Lyons seems to me to be a very sensible man, and I must say his ideas about what he calls 'natural feeding' meet my approval."

This "must say" was just sufficient to awake some of the smouldering fire in Mrs. V., now only shown in her eyes, but which in her younger days would have been more manifest. I then tried my hand in smoothing the troubled condition of things, but I only made matters worse, as men generally do. Lena perceived the situation of affairs, and suggested that we should go to dinner, which was ready. A good dinner helps wonderfully to smooth

ruffled feelings, and so did ours that day. The care of the baby, by apparent consent of all parties, was not to be referred to for a time, and it was not ; but the remembrance of the misunderstanding created was not pleasant.

Going to the office after dinner, I told Salter, who after all was a good fellow and friend, of our late council of advice. " Well," said he, " it must have been rich. Why didn't you invite me. I had a hobby that I learned from my mother-in-law, that is, that feeding with goat's milk is the thing. Why, Matthews, I scoured the city for a goat, bought one, tied her in the back yard. Well, she bleated all night, and none of us could sleep ; then she did not give all the milk she was warranted to give. Somebody said, ' feed her more,' and I did, and one night she got into the feed-box I had for her, and the result was, she died. I buried her under the grape-vine, where she will do some good, and bought another. This one I did not tie, and in about twenty-four hours every green thing in the yard was eaten

up, the grape-vine was barked, and I sold the beast. Now, other people may do better with goats than I did, so don't you feel downhearted, My other hobby comes from our doctor, Doctor Pearsall ; and this one is, that after all, grandmothers and the old people are the ones to tend to the 'little matters' about feeding and clothing of babies, and all the other little things that you know something about now, Bob, I believe. But, now that I think of it, you remember young Jenkins, who used to be here. Well, his mother had a hobby, which I believe *did* kill one of his youngsters. She believed in 'fresh air,' and fresh air it was. To get the full advantage of it, his baby was exposed to it at all times nearly, so as to harden its skin. 'People *would* smother their children,' she said, 'with clothes,' and so she put on very few of them. The baby died of what the servant said the doctor called the 'brown creeturs.' There is Perkins' mother, who has a new hobby every week. Just now, everything to flourish must go under 'blue glass.' Perkins never could have his children

out in the sun before, for fear that they might freckle. His mother has charge of the children now that his wife is dead. Well, they take a run, and come in the house and sit behind the blue glass for a while. I believe they look better than they did, owing to the sun and romping in the open air, but the old lady sticks to it, it is all owing to the blue glass.

"It strikes me, Bob, that that doctor of yours is a kind of an old woman. I understand that there is some talk of putting him in charge of the nursery, when it is started; but he will never do for that place. What is needed there is a man who will let the ladies do as they like, and not interfere with them."

My dreams that night were about mothers, mothers-in-law and grandmothers generally. It seemed to me that there were about twenty of them, all pulling at one little baby, and each in a different direction. Then there were six doctors, each giving different advice. All were talking at the same time, till the jargon grew so loud that it awoke me.

It had not occurred to me in the midst of the din that if a little common sense had been used some decision would have been arrived at; but I made up my mind now not to have any hobbies, to learn what I could about babies, and not to let any one but Lena have the entire charge of our infant in the future. I had begun to dread controversies, and I was rather gloomy over the prospects of the coming christening-supper.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHRISTENING.

BABY was just six weeks old when he was christened. What his name should be had been talked of ever since his birth, and finally a decision had been arrived at that he should be called John.

"I don't like nicknames," said Mrs. Vincent, "and we must give him a name that the boys won't twist about, and so short that they won't want to make it any shorter."

This settled the matter, and it was well that we came to some conclusion, for neighbors and friends were overwhelming us with advice. One thought "that being the first child, he should certainly be named after his father." Another suggested a "romantic name." A third a "Scriptural one." Especially did our old friend Mrs. Carey urge a name from Scripture. Her boys, Timothy, Joshua and

Paul, were much dearer to her than they would have been had she named them Charles, Adolphus and Henry. So she thoroughly believed; but those of us who knew the old lady well, recognized the fact that her whole life had been devoted to doing good—that it seemed impossible for her to refuse to do anything in her power for anybody, whatever the name, station or condition might be.

Miss Denny, a maiden lady, in charge of a little thread and needle store (where my wife had bought from time to time sundry little articles), had sent in the early days of the baby's life a large pincushion with the words “Welcome, Little Stranger,” ingeniously worked upon it with pins. Now she was in a flutter at the idea of the baby's baptism, and it grieved her to think that she could not give a christening present. Her good wishes for the infant's welfare in the future were equal in value, so thought my wife and I, to many of the presents which began to shower upon our heir.

March 25th being a service-day, had been singled

out for the christening. Invitations to the supper had been sent to Mr. and Mrs. Billings, Lazelle, Percy, Jones, Bond and Salter; Miss Oley, Mrs. Carey and Miss Denny—with all of whom you are already acquainted.

At first it was thought that Doctor Lyons might be invited; but on second consideration, founded on a decided opinion expressed by Mrs. Vincent “that he might ventilate too strongly some of his hobbies,” his name was omitted from the list.

The Reverend Mr. Barnaby and wife of course were invited. Though they never had had children of their own, and could not adopt any on account of the impaired health of the lady, yet their views as to the methods of rearing children were, in their minds, at least, the proper ones. Eloquently had the Reverend gentleman discoursed on the duties of parents to children and of children to parents—before the arrival of our baby—with but little impression upon me.

After my first ten days' experience with our little

fellow, I began to question in my mind the ability of any one to teach who had never been taught, by the need of sleep, worriment of mind, and increase in current expenses, which our baby had brought with him. Yet, I must confess that I felt at times that perhaps our minister's ideas of total depravity (which, by-the-way, he did not speak of from the pulpit) had some truth in them.

On the arrival of mother and mother-in-law, there did not seem to be so much depravity. Perhaps it was because I had less to do with the baby then than before their coming.

Mrs. Barnaby who echoed the sentiments and opinions expressed by her husband, as to the proper method of raising children, claimed, in addition, that she was fond of them. While Mr. B., though he had been known to pat at times various little urchins upon the head, and had been seen to kiss some of the little girls, yet he did not really love them. At least so Miss Denny believed, and no one knew more of what was going on in the parish than this same Miss Denny.

Her little shop, reminded one of the country post-offices where the old and young of the village meet to talk over crops, or the latest news, or to indulge in banterings or flirtations.

Arrangements had been made for the supper, and the ladies had puzzled themselves over the style of dress baby should wear to church, when March 25th was ushered in, with as bright a prospect for a pleasant day as one could desire. The sun came out in his glory, and the clothing worn by all of us, during many chilly days preceding, was now really uncomfortable. It became a question immediately, which created a diversion of opinion, whether baby should wear its new thick cloak. After a prolonged discussion the question was decided in the affirmative, on the ground that the baby might take cold if the cloak was not worn. After some delay we started. On the way, some one remembered that a shawl which had been laid out for Lena's use had not been brought along, but as my wife thought she was dressed warmly enough, it was not sent for.

Entering the church we found the air cooler than the outside air had been. We learned afterward that the sexton had let the fires go out a few days before. Although we felt rather chilly, yet it could not be helped now. Lena had hoped that Mr. Barnaby would not "drench" the baby with water as she had seen him do at other baptisms—but he did. Evidently he believed in the efficacy of quantity, but it was destructive to the child's piece of mind, and he gave vent to his feelings in a series of loud, ringing cries. Mrs. Jones told Lena, after the baptism was over, and as we hastened toward home, that having had the same experience with her first child, she was determined, when the second child was born, not to have it over again, so she began very early to get the child used to plenty of water, when it took its bath, by filling a large sponge full, and squeezing it out over the baby. The same plan she had tried with her whole seven children, and with the best results. Not only were they not afraid of being baptized, but they were not afraid to take

baths as they grew older. This item I put down in my note-book, which I had lately procured for the registry of facts such as this. We had reason to hasten, for the sky was overcast. No longer did the sun shine, for his place was taken by the cold-looking gray clouds, which gather so suddenly in the early days of Spring. The wind had aroused from its apparent slumber of a few hours before, and now reminded us of the fact that he was a disagreeable companion. Several members of the party suggested that they had known the weather was going to be unpleasant, but never a word upon the subject had been said until we complained of chilliness.

When we reached home, Lena was quite exhausted, and complained of a severe pain in her side; but by force of will she went about through the house, as was necessary, but found herself unable to preside at the supper in the evening. Baby seemed to know that his mother was ill, and, whether he had pain or suffered from lack of nourishment, became peevish.

Mrs. Lawrence was to take charge of mother and

baby, while Mrs. Vincent sat in Lena's place at the table. Twenty persons took their places at the supper-table, prepared in honor of our boy, and to remind the parents that they had assumed a responsibility. It was understood between Mrs. Vincent and myself that the questions as to the care and training of children, which had already proved to be "bones of contention," should not be brought up if possible.

Care had been taken not to inform the guests as to Lena's condition, which naturally alarmed me, but which did not disturb apparently, to any great degree, our mothers ; but when it was seen that she did not make her appearance in the dining-room, then all sorts of inquiries were made, and various opinions were broached.

"I was afraid," remarked Miss Denny, "when I saw Mrs. Matthews go without that shawl that she would catch a cold. There's no dependence to be placed on our weather here. Five years ago I had the yellow jaundice, when I went out in the same way, and so I know how bad it is."

"But, Miss Denny," said Mrs. Carey, "why didn't you tell Mrs. Matthews about this before she left the house?"

"I didn't like to interfere, Mrs. Carey. People don't always like to have other people tell them things."

"Yes, I know, my dear woman; but there *is* a way in which we can speak of subjects to others without giving offense. The dear little baby seems to be well. Somebody thought of a good warm cloak for him. I am sure, Mr. Barnaby, that our sexton was a little forgetful to-day in his arrangements, was he not?"

"Well, the fact is, Mrs. Carey, that it was decided last week not to keep the fires up any longer. Our expenses are heavy, and we dispense with the fires generally as soon as Spring sets in. If it had occurred to me that it might be too cold to-day, there would have been some fire."

Salter, who somehow or other was posted upon many things which had occurred in our neighbor-

hood, told me afterward that this wasn't the first time the church had been cold during the like ceremony. He was rather inclined to lay the blame upon Dr. Lyons, who was one of the officers of the church, because the doctor had at various times expressed his firm belief in the efficacy of fresh air, and had pointed out more strongly than Salter thought necessary, the dangers arising from overcrowding and overheating of churches and public buildings. I felt sure that my friend was entirely mistaken in his estimate of Doctor Lyons. Doctor Namen, too, was an officer, but so dignified was he that few people thought of ever asking him any question other than was absolutely necessary. His dignity, combined with a large, substantially built body, commanded respect, and gave the impression to the people, with whom he came in contact, that he was a wonderful man. Exactly how far they were mistaken, I do not know, but I recollect that he was brusque in his manner, a man with but few strong friends, but a favorite companion of the Rev. Mr. Barnaby. He

was evidently not a friend of Doctor Lyons, who, as he said, "talked too much."

Having canvassed the probable condition of my wife's health, and each in turn having suggested a remedy, the guests passed to other subjects. After supper, as we were seated in the parlor, allusion was made to the weather, and the question arose as to the necessity of flannel with babies and children. Mrs. Lazelle thought it didn't make much difference how you dressed children, they *would* get dirty and they *would* catch cold in spite of you. For her part, she was tired of always fussing as to what her children should wear. Mr. Barnaby, having lately read the Crosstown *Herald of Health*, took the ground that flannel should always be worn. As a "non-conductor" it did not have its equal. Miss Oley quietly remarked that *some* skins, she believed, could not bear flannel well. Mrs. Percy said her boys had never worn it, and had never suffered from the want of it. *Their* skins would bear anything, but what was needed was to feed them up well. "If you put

good, solid food into them, you won't need flannel outside." Mrs. Jones thought that all children were not alike. Some of her children could wear flannel and some could not. Woolen socks would make Tom's feet tender, while Susie couldn't go without them. She had learned by experience that sometimes two pair of cotton stockings gave more warmth than one pair of woolen ones, that a loosely-woven garment was lighter and, she really believed, warmer than a closely-knit one. If she could afford to buy them, and the children could wear them, she would have woolen undergarments, of varying thickness for the different seasons of the year. And she did not consider it safe, in such days as these, to rely entirely upon the child's natural health to preserve him against the elements. I agree with Mrs. Lazelle, that it *is* hard work to have to constantly plan for your children; but then I don't know of any other way we have to keep them well and happy.

"To be sure," said Mrs. Billings, "I haven't children, and perhaps I am just as well off. But then,

Mrs. Jones, don't you tie yourself down too much. Just have a nice nurse girl to mind yours, and go out more."

I could not help thinking to myself how in the world can Jones hire a nurse girl, when only by the strictest economy can he manage to keep his large family. He was fortunate in having the wife he had. Lazelle was receiving three times as large a salary as Jones, and had but four children; but they always looked as if they were neglected, and they undoubtedly were.

After the subject of dress was quite exhausted, various topics were disposed of. Mrs. Percy became quite eloquent over the advantages to be derived from oatmeal as a food for children. Mr. Barnaby endorsed all she said, and added "that all children could be made to like it. Such a food, containing all the elements of nutrition, rich in nitrates and phosphates, and capable of sustaining life, should be eaten by everybody." He had it always on his table for breakfast, Salter asked if that was all that he

had. "Oh, no," replied Mr. B., "but it is the regular dish. Generally there is meat and potatoes, coffee, rolls and eggs; but then we couldn't do without the oatmeal, it's so strengthening, and is so rich in brain food. I doubt very much whether I could get along without it."

Mrs. Jones again did not believe that all children were alike as to eating. Before she had had children she supposed they were. Now she thought differently.

In the midst of an animated discussion as to the best method of training children to be obedient, and during an interchange of views, founded upon "Helen's Babies" as sample children, I was called up stairs to my wife, who I found was in great pain. The doctor was sent for, and pronounced the trouble to be pneumonia, probably.

"Your wife is to be kept quiet, no visitors are to be allowed in the room, and in the condition she is now in, it may after all be necessary to procure a wet-nurse for the baby. At least you had better be

on the look-out, for if to-morrow we find pneumonia has set in, then it will not do for the baby to continue nursing."

Down stairs I went, and after all the company had gone, planned out a scheme for procuring a reliable wet nurse.

CHAPTER VI.

WANTED—A WET NURSE.

I MUST confess that now, at the end of six weeks' experience with a baby, I was not convinced that raising one was always such an easy matter as some of my friends believed it to be, or, at least, professed to. One day John seemed to thrive, but the next he drooped. At one time Lena was bright and hopeful, while at another she was despondent. Having read carefully the books loaned me by Doctor Lyons, it did not add to my peace of mind, to possess the knowledge that much of the drooping and despondency might have been prevented had we done "so and so," or followed this or that plan.

Enough for me to know that there had been plenty of worry, various misunderstandings, considerable expense, and, in spite of all, nursing was really to be desisted from, at least by the mother. The doctor had called the morning after the christening, and pronounced the disease pneumonia. He did not believe,

under the circumstances—no matter how soon Lena might recover—that she ought to continue nursing.

How the baby was to be fed, then, became a matter of the deepest interest. I had already decided, in my own mind, that a wet nurse should be had. Mother agreed with me, while Mrs. Vincent urged the use of cow's milk, "if Mr. Matthews could be sure of the milk he would obtain;" but as Mr. Matthews did not see the way clear toward a certainty, *she* reluctantly agreed to have a wet-nurse, though Lena felt keenly averse to having any one act as a "foster-mother" to *her* baby.

It was a ray of comfort to me, to feel that Lena would thrive and be herself again, if she recovered from her sickness, and as for our boy, it had become my duty, so it seemed, to hunt up a nurse. The doctor had told me to first answer advertisements, and had also instructed me somewhat as to the selection of a healthy, reliable woman. In addition, I had made good use of my medical books, and felt that I was quite competent to conduct a search in pursuit of a wet-nurse. So I cut out the following advertisements from the day's New York *Herald* and put them in my note-book.

WANTED.—A situation by a respectable woman, as wet-nurse. Call at No. 207 Avenue B, and inquire for Mrs. Malone, in the store.

WANTED.—A healthy, trusty woman would like a situation as wet-nurse; understands dry feeding. Can be seen at Mrs. Sand's, 52 Sixtieth Street.

WANTED.—By a perfectly reliable woman, a situation as wet-nurse. A pleasant home more of an object than wages. Mrs. Badall, 20 East Twenty-eight Street.

On the opposite page of my book were placed the items to the necessary qualifications in such a nurse as the advertisements pointed out. These necessary points had been taken from a standard medical work and were to be a guide in my operations.

They were as follows :

“ She should be between twenty and thirty years of age, the mother of at least two children. She should be healthy, with body well nourished. Her teeth should be sound. There should be no blood disease, as scrofula or consumption. The family history should be free from any trace of insanity. Her children should be healthy, and if she is nursing a child, it should show the effects of good nourishment. Her moral character should be good. She ought to be even-tempered—not given to outbursts

of anger. She ought not to be easily excited. She should be cleanly, temperate in her eating and drinking, willing and obliging. The milk under the microscope should show the following—”

Here I ceased to copy, believing that I had sufficient information to enable me to succeed in my undertaking. With the advertisements and the list of qualifications, I started out, and visited Mrs. Malone first. My early visit—for I left my house soon after breakfast—seemed to flurry the fat, good natured proprietor of the candy-store, No. 207 Avenue B, near Public School No. 25. I mention the fact that the store was near a school, for the reason that I have learned since, in the years following that visit, that near many of our schools are similar shops, where school-children do congregate at recess time to eat poor candy, and where, by the crowding in of the children, and the very nature of the place, contagious diseases are spread abroad.

It was a miserable shop, cramped and dirty. Behind it was the one small and dirty sitting, dining and bed-room combined. In this room sat Mrs. Malone. Evidently she had just risen from her night's sleep. What she might have looked like and how favorably

she might have impressed me, had I called an hour or two later, I did not care to think about. Her big baby in her arms showed that he had had sufficient food, but the dirt everywhere present, the general air of untidiness, and the sickening odor, due to the impure and confined air, dispelled any idea of choosing the mother to care for my child. I have been told since then that the class of women represented by Mrs. Malone will rub off some of the dirt upon and about themselves, and tidy up somewhat, when employers are expected, and that they do obtain situations, the condition of their babies being their strong hand. Driven from a wretched home by drunkenness or debt, they find refuge with friends, who allow them to advertise from their own more respectable quarters, and to stay till a situation is obtained. Then they pay part of their wages to the hostess, or the whole even, if the friends take charge of their babies. Thus “baby-farming” is begun. The escape from such a house and surroundings caused me to enjoy, more than I had hitherto, the pleasantly warm and healthful air of the outer world.

I then hurried to Sixtieth Street, easily found Mrs. Sands, who proved to be the wife of the janitor of a

tenement house. I stated my errand, was asked to be seated till she ascertained whether Mrs. Hughes was in. She came back and soon a sharp voice was heard from the upper regions, inviting "the gentleman up." I went up one flight of stairs, found a door open, and the head of a female protruding from it.

"Do you wish to see Mrs. Hughes?" said the same voice.

"I wished to see the person who put this advertisement in the paper," I replied.

"Well, then, *I* am Mrs. Hughes, and will you walk in, sir?"

The impression I had at the time was, that the woman had not expected an employer to come, but was on the lookout for a messenger to summon her to some lady's house. Finding that an employer had come, she became very talkative, entered into a somewhat detailed history of her family, its pleasures as well as its pains. While she was thus engaged, I had an opportunity to glance about the room and to study the woman. By the time she was through, I had concluded that she was healthy and strong, had good teeth, was cleanly in her dress, and was proba-

bly free from any hereditary disease, if I could judge of such a point by the robust appearance of several children running in and out of the room, who, she said, belonged to her. So absorbed had I been in the study of my “qualifications,” to which I referred from time to time, that I had not noticed that there was no infant in the room. Desiring to see the baby, she said she would go after it, for it had been left for a little while with a neighbor across the hall.

Back she came with a splendid specimen of a child. As Mrs. Hughes was healthy and clean, and had raised such a fine specimen of a baby, she would be just the woman for us, I thought. So I put my book in my pocket and was about to make some arrangement toward engaging the woman, when a remark from one of the children led me to question Mrs. H. as to the age of the baby in her arms. A little cross-examination confounded the woman, and I soon found that the child was not hers. Crossing over to her neighbor's, on the other side of the hallway, there I found the real mother of the baby, and a little, puny, weazen-faced, dry-skinned apology for an infant, which belonged to the Hughes family. The “obliging neighbor” had only done a “little

kindness in changing babies,” as Mrs. H. said. Here, then, was a large, strong woman, who failed in bringing up a baby by nursing. No one knows how many times she had failed before, for her own children had died early, she said, of spasms, and cholera infantum. The children, then, that I had seen about the room, were her husband’s, and yet this woman wished to impose herself on some confiding mother and child.

No wonder, then, that she had thought it best, to attempt to understand “dry feeding,” whatever that might be.

There was but one place left for me now to go to. This business of hunting up a wet-nurse had about exhausted me physically. Certainly I was disgusted with squalor and deception. It was pleasant, therefore, to find that the next advertisement on my list had come from a respectable person, in a respectable neighborhood in Twenty-eighth Street. Mrs. Badall proved to be a woman who would answer to all necessary “qualifications” as far as *I* could see, except that she had no baby to show me, for the little one had just died one week before from sudden convulsions. She was a very agreeable person to talk to, had had such a sad experience with her own

baby, and was so anxious to find a home for a short time, in order to relieve her husband of the expenses of housekeeping while he was idle; and then she was so warmly endorsed by Mrs. Whaley, the landlady, that I agreed to employ her, if, after a week's trial, everything was satisfactory. She was to receive twenty-five dollars a month. Within twenty-four hours Mrs. Badall was installed as wet-nurse. The services of Mrs. Lawrence were now dispensed with, and the care of Lena in her illness devolved upon our two mothers. Through their untiring care and Doctor Lyons' skill, at the end of two weeks my wife was quite like her old self again.

It was strange that when our mothers were caring for Lena, nothing seemed to ruffle them, but introduce the subject of the "care of babies," and almost instantly there were strongly expressed differences of opinion. My mother pointed with joy to the thriving condition of our boy under Mrs. Badall's care. Mrs. Vincent prophesied that something "would yet turn up wrong with the woman. She had never known much good to come from wet-nurses." The infant certainly was improved in health and temper. The nurse seemed devoted to him, and

the little fellow already clung to her in preference to his mother.

For three weeks all went on well. During the fourth, as our mothers, Lena and I, sat in our cozy sitting-room one evening, sounds of loud talking proceeded from down stairs. On inquiry it was found that Mr. Badall had called in a state of intoxication, and demanded that he should see his wife. Our nurse was completely overcome, and had a hysterical fit. In the night I was hastily summoned to see the baby. There he was with a hot skin, with eyelids twitching occasionally. He was very nervous and very irritable. Toward morning he seemed better. We all noticed that our nurse did not seem as cheerful after her husband's visit as before, that she was easily excited, that little things nettled her. The boy, too, became irritable. For three consecutive nights was I up, nearly all the time trying to quiet or relieve some one or other of the family.

Pity for the nurse and our baby had unnerved for the time the members of my family. Hence it was that I endeavored, with a medicine-book and a case of medicinal pellets, to ward off the visits of even ~~our~~ good doctor, for such visits were costly, and I

had already paid out more money than my salary would safely allow ; but the “night-work” was telling on me.

It is not agreeable either to be roused from sleep to “mix poultices,” to make catnip tea, or to lug upstairs earthen bottles full of boiling water. My only wish was that there might be another man in the house to whom might be committed a share of this work, or he might perform the whole of it. The pellets, poultices, etc., not acting with sufficient power to arouse the nurse, the doctor had to be sent for.

“Well,” he said, after listening to my vivid description of what had befallen us, “you have had a tough time of it Matthews, but it will not do to keep Mrs. Badall. If she is so easily disturbed, there is no knowing what may happen to your boy. Perhaps her own child died from convulsions brought on after some row with her husband. Such things *have* happened, and will occur again. She is not a safe woman. We must try another nurse. Now, this time don’t answer advertisements, but advertise and send the women to me, or, better still, let me advertise. Then, if we don’t succeed, you can try the va-

rious wet-nurse agencies and public institutions. Get an American or Englishwoman if you can, but I don't believe you will find one. They won't nurse other children than their own, as a rule, even if the highest wages are paid."

So the nurse was sent away, and in the evening paper appeared the following advertisements :

WANTED.—At No. 264 Tenth Street, an honest, reliable, healthy and even-tempered wet-nurse. She must be well recommended, and must not be peculiar. None others need apply.

WANTED.—By Doctor Lyons, a wet-nurse. Office hours, 8 to 10 A.M. 4 to 6 P.M.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE TRAIL.

WHEN Lena saw *our* advertisements in the paper, she rated me for the wording of mine, saying, "Rob, no woman will ever answer such an advertisement as yours. You ask too much. Don't you remember your experience at the intelligence office, dear?" I did remember going to the office, asking for a domestic, and having one sent to me. When I asked her if she drank, she replied, "Drink, is it; shure and I do, both tay and kafay, and if yer want a woman that don't drink, yer'll not be after findin' her here." Now, I did not mean to insult the servant—only hoped to get some information, and to be sure of a sober person; bu' it was some little time, that day, before a woman could be prevailed on to go with me.

As no person did appear in answer to my advertisement, save a tall, scrawny-looking female, my faith in my wife's common sense and tact was in-

creased. This tall woman bore the appearance of having seen better days, but there was a certain indefinable air of laziness about her that would not allow me to employ her, though she had the best of recommendations. Testimonials as to character are only valuable, I have found, when they are given by persons who are not in the habit of writing them. Her letters had come either from enthusiastic, pitying people, or I did not appreciate all the good qualities bound up in the listless woman before me. At any rate, so disgusted was I in my efforts to procure a wet-nurse, that I resolved to let the selection rest with the doctor ; so I notified him of that conclusion, and went to business, fully determined to throw myself into work, and forget home cares.

I should have succeeded had not Salter plied me with questions about wet-nurses, and bringing up babies. “Say Bob, don’t you want a goat? I know where you can buy one cheap. Perhaps you wish a cow. Can get you one, if you like.” Then there would be a rest of a few moments, in which I endeavored to apply myself to accounts. “Bob, now that I think of it, there is a *new* baby-food in the market, which might answer. It has a long Greek name to

it, which I can't remember, but that don't make any difference. All of them, nearly (so the druggists say), have such names, or try to have. Then, there is a picture on the wrapper—of some baby that has been fed on the food. Believe that would just suit you ; suppose you try it ? If you really want a reliable wet-nurse, there is Mrs. Flynn's stepdaughter," etc., etc.

I was fully satisfied with my hunt for wet-nurses, and did not relish the suggestion by Doctor Lyons, that evening, of our starting out together to visit agencies and institutions the following morning. But remembering that the next day would be a holiday, and that, after all, there was nothing like learning about people and things, I agreed. The answers to the doctor's advertisement had not pleased him, so he decided to devote some time to the proposed visit.

" The fact is," said Doctor L—, " that I generally resort to artificial feeding where there is so much difficulty in procuring a wet-nurse, as in your case, but it must be the right sort of feeding ; so it happens that I seldom go after a wet-nurse. We will first visit the agencies—if there are any—for it is sup-

posed by many that just what we want we can find there. My impression is, that there are but few agencies for the procuring of nurses in the United States, and that, as yet, there is no real systematic effort to furnish the persons most needing nurses with just the right kind of women. There are many reliable but poor mothers, who might and ought to earn sufficient money by wet-nursing the children of their well-to-do neighbors to provide quite nicely for the wants of their own little families. In the country, or in small towns where wet-nursing may have to be resorted to, neighbors are quite often made use of. In our cities we are subjected to impositions in various ways. It is a pity that we cannot prevail on more of these poor and reliable mothers to take care of our children—even if they came every morning to our homes and left every night."

As the doctor was talking we arrived at Mrs. Quirk's agency, 620 Second Avenue. The rooms occupied by Mrs. Quirk and her nurses were on the lowest floor of an old-fashiored brick house. They were dark. The ceilings were so low that a medium sized man might reach them by standing on tip-toe. In the front room, at one end, was Mrs. Quirk's desk,

books of account, and for registry. The furniture of the room was made up of unfortunate chairs and settees—here an arm missing, there a piece of a leg spliced to its old companion piece. Around the walls were signs and notices, wrought out by various persons undoubtedly, on different colored paper, in various shades of divers colors. One informed us that “Nurses of all nationalities can be procured here; also servants, waiters, coachmen,” etc., etc., etc. Another proclaimed that “Wet-nurses are always on hand. Special attention paid to procuring reliable, trusty women. Physicians and others can put implicit faith in the nurses obtained here.” A third notice, emphasized in very large black letters, on a white card, that “this agency has no connection whatever with Mr. Seville’s;” that “it is the only reliable wet-nurse agency in the city.”

Mrs. Quirk—a woman of medium height, with a dumpish figure, covered with a dirty calico gown—received the doctor and myself with a bow and a cordial shaking of hands, which meant business with every shake.

After stating that for five dollars she would furnish wet-nurses, if necessary, for three months, and

after having enlarged on the advantages she possessed for obtaining the best of women from institutions, and on her superior class of customers from Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue, as compared with Mr. Seville's "trades-people," she ushered us into the back-room.

There seated were women of all ages, so it seemed to me at first glance, but a second look and inquiry of Mrs. Quirk convinced me that none were over forty years of age, though they were careworn. The majority, so I learned, were unmarried woman with children. There were mothers there who could not have been over seventeen years of age, many of good parentage, all trying to obtain positions in order to support themselves and their babies. Mrs. Quirk informed me that when the nurses obtain places, their own babies are cared for in institutions for children, or by women who take children to 'spoon feed.' The doctor remarked "that babies cared for by such women, with their meagre knowledge of a baby's nature and of the right kind and mode of feeding, must die in large numbers."

"Oh, no, doctor," said Mrs. Quirk, in a remonstrative tone of voice, "you ought to see how healthy

they are. Of course some die, but only with Summer troub' es.”

Out came my note-book, and in it I made a memorandum of a proposed visit to one of these “baby-farming” establishments. By this time in our baby’s life I had begun to feel that I had learned something.

Passing along the line of waiting woman, the doctor and Mrs. Quirk asked questions and took observations. There was a young, timid mother—a mere girl in appearance—but bearing the stamp of a good family. One was coarse-skinned, vulgar in appearance, dirty in dress. Another had the thin skin and reddish hair so indicative of a sensitive organization. By her side sat the embodiment of keen prejudices and quick temper, in her flashing dark eyes and her darker hair. The muscular type of woman was there as well as the flabby, lymphatic one. There were all sorts of women, with all sorts of ideas, except the right ones—none could come up to the standard of my “qualifications,” and, as the doctor was not satisfied, we called at Mr. Seville’s. Like some other French (?) establishments in our large cities, Seville’s was an American one. The only signs of French

about the place were seen in a sign which announced the fact that "we speak French here," and in a woman attendant who evidently did all the talking that was done on Seville's side. Seville himself was an enterprising American, and so was his wife. There was none of the darkness, fussiness and mussiness here that was seen at Mrs. Quirk's. Everything was clean. The proprietor understood how to reach the eye and ear, as well as the nose, of the average citizen.

His notices were uniform as to size and color. His furniture was well adapted to its uses. The women in his agency were required to be cleanly dressed, as long as they were in his rooms. He and his wife understood fully the value of white linen caps and aprons in hiding defects and deficiencies, and in giving to the decidedly Irish face and figure an appearance similar to the French *bonnes*.

Mrs. Quirk had derisively spoken of his place as the trade-peoples'. So it was, but it also had the patronage of the wealthy. His little artifices to gain the patronage of any one needing a servant or a nurse had proved wonderfully successfully in spite of Mrs. Quirk. The clerk on a small salary, the

tradesman in a small way, the man of moderate income and the wealthy, were sure to consult Monsieur Seville before obtaining a wet-nurse. And yet Doctor Lyons pointed out to me the same class of women that we had seen at Mrs. Quirk's. It was ascertained that the same fee was asked as at Mrs. Quirk's; that the women were obtained from the same sources, except, perhaps, that this agency, being considered by people at large a little more “respectable,” there were few of the poor but reliable married women present, of whom Doctor Lyons had already spoken. With all the outside show, and the air of business respectability, a thorough examination by the doctor could not elicit from the proprietors any reliable information as to any such systematic records and plans of work done or to be accomplished as would satisfy any thorough person.

“There is yet room for improvement,” said the doctor, “and it is strange that our philanthropic women have not seen the need of a well planned system for the supply of proper wet-nurses. I understand that there is still another agency, managed exclusively by ladies; let us go there. Then we can visit a few of the institutions, and thus decide upon a

selection of a nurse. Perhaps this society—agency as it is called—controlled by ladies, may prove, after all, just the one."

We called there, and found three lady-like business-women in charge. Everything was neat and in order. *Their* plan was not to have the nurses at their rooms, but to keep a list of names and residences, and to send for the women when needed, or to send the proposed employers to their respective homes. As to any clear record of the ability of the woman to care for babies properly, of the character, health present and previous, or any necessary qualification, there was none. When asked whether there was any medical supervision of the nurses, one of the ladies replied "that they did have a doctor whenever it was necessary, but she did not think it was necessary."

Doctor Lyons then urged the importance of having every woman examined by a careful physician.

"I well remember," he said, "how anxious a wealthy patient of mine was to procure a suitable nurse. For several days all sorts of efforts were made to obtain one that would answer. Several were tried and discharged. Finally, Mr. H—— announced with great satisfaction, that he had found 'just the

one.' A carriage was sent over to Brooklyn, and the nurse was brought to my office. She was in apparent good health—just the right age—just the person, except that I discovered upon her chest an eruption, which told of a blood-poison which must not be communicated to the child of Mr. H. I might relate several cases which go to show the importance of care in selection; but as Mr. Matthews and myself must hasten, I bid you good day." Armed with cards of admission, we then called at the Institutions—the Municipal Hospital, St. Anthony's Retreat, and various homes and asylums. In some, the officers were gruff, disobliging and pompous. In others they were obsequious even to a disagreeable degree. At one "home" a lady-manager present spoke warmly in behalf of a young woman. We ascertained afterward that the bright side of the picture only had been shown us, so anxious was the lady to procure a situation for the one she was interested in. In fact, we learned several things that day which may thus be summed up :

First, that if one expects to procure a nurse, he or she must have tact and common sense. Second, all is not reliable that is said to be. Third, when there is reliability, there may not be suitability.

It was quite dark when I arrived home that evening, and soon after me came Sarah, the nurse chosen at one of the private institutions.

"We will make a trial or two, *more*," said the doctor, and we did. This Sarah was tall, healthy, clean and lady-like, but the one mistake for us was, her possession of an immense appetite. Nothing seemed to fully satisfy her. Bowls of gruel, tea, chocolate and broma—plates full of vegetables and meat were disposed of, and all for "the dear baby's sake."

The little fellow did thrive, but the butcher's and grocer's bills were enlarging. Some of my readers may have met with such a mammoth eater, and can fully appreciate the difficulty we labored under. Salter suggested that I had better buy a cow and feed the nurse plenty of milk. "It will be economy in the end, Bob; you may depend on it." Little by little our nurse became more exacting, and astonished my wife by giving orders to the domestic as to what she wished for her meals. To discharge the nurse and feed the baby, or to take her by herself and admonish, as a father only can, was now a question to be settled.

CHAPTER VIII.

REPORTS PROGRESS.

TO MEET the emergency *now* presented was not easy. One might speak of dress, and even of manners, but to suggest that an employee should eat less savored of stinginess. For some time our mothers, Lena and I, argued as to the best method of approaching the nurse on such a tender subject as her food. My wife dreaded a "scene," and it was surprising how little Mrs. Vincent and my mother cared for a tongue-to-tongue encounter.

The baby seemed to be doing so well that even Mrs. Vincent was unwilling to discharge the nurse. My mother did think it "a shame that she should eat so much," and so did we all, and after a warm discussion upon the subject, it was decided that Mrs. Vincent should have a talk with Sarah. So, upon the next day, she was invited into the sitting-room.

"Sarah," said Mrs. V., believing in this instance, that it was best to be conciliatory, "the baby is doing

very nicely—much better than I ever expected he would."

"Yes, ma'am, I know he is, and he is as fine a little fellow as ever you would find."

"But don't he pull you down," asked Mrs. Vincent. "he has grown so fat and heavy?"

"Shure and he would, if I didn't have a good appetite, and can eat enough for the both of us. Don't I have to tell Kate in the kitchen not to make the tea so sloppy. The poor little dear would never get fat on such weak stuff as that. If I wasn't all the time speaking to Kate about the victuals, I don't think I'd have a ha'penny worth for the child. Savin' your presence, ma'am, when I nursed Mr. Judge O'Leary's baby, four years ago, I had my ale with the best of them, and now that you speak of it, a glass now and then would do the youngster a heap of good."

"I did not speak of ale, Sarah, or of any spirituous drink, for I do not approve of such things. It was never intended that women should take such abominable stuff. I hope and trust Mr. Matthews will never consent to any such food as that for a nurse. Why, it would be the ruination—" Here Mrs. Vincent, remembering that she had yet to talk calmly

about food, regained her ordinary serenity. "Sarah you were speaking a few moments ago about eating. Don't you really think, my dear woman, that perhaps, after all, you eat too much food for your own good? You know, sometimes a good deal of food will make people bilious, and I have noticed lately that your skin is not quite as clear as it was when you came to us. Perhaps, if you took a little less food than you do, you would feel brighter. You know you complain of a dull headache very often."

"Yes, ma'am, I do have a headache once in a while, but it is not because I eat too much. When I was at home, my ould mother used to say I ate lightly, and would I now eat smaller than that? I couldn't do it, ma'am—the baby would starve."

So Mrs. Vincent retired, defeated, and after a couple of days it was thought best that Lena should try her powers of persuasion.

Sarah had begun now to be suspicious, and was quite prepared for any assault, so that when my wife, in the kindest manner possible, suggested that it might be better for us if Sarah kept out of the kitchen and took her meals when the family did theirs, she was answered with :

"Do you think, Mrs. Matthews, that I came here to starve your baby and myself? All of you want a fat baby, and you want the nurse of it to live like the rest of you, who don't have a baby to nurse. The best thing for the whole of us is to get another woman to take care of the boy, and I'd better go now."

At the mention of the baby's being left to pass through similar tribulations to those imposed after the departure of Mrs. Badall, my wife burst into tears. She was soon followed by Sarah, who declared "that going would break her heart, just as she loved the little darlin', and he would mourn for her; but then it would be best."

Lena could not say anything further. The result was that Sarah staid on. She ate at regular times now, but the times were quite often, and we could not see that any less food was consumed than before. Whenever any hint was broached as to the food, Sarah took it up and proposed to leave. So it happened that affairs remained in this way for one month longer, when we were again called upon to meet an emergency. Baby had of late been cross, and cried very often. Even at night we heard his short, fretful

cries, with occasionally a long one, indicative, so the books said, of pain or hunger. Believing that a pin might be pricking, or a pain griping, the boy received from his grandmothers various rubbings, and a number of the usual home remedies, to be applied internally, externally, and it seemed to me, eternally; but the relief was only temporary. Mrs. Vincent, on the lookout for disturbing causes, finally gave it as her opinion that the baby wasn't getting sufficient food; that she believed the nurse's milk was failing. And so it was. Again was Doctor Lyons appealed to to help our baby.

He first advised that the nurse should be discharged:

"She would not change her ideas as to eating, and in proportion as she grows fat and large, just in that proportion will the secretions diminish probably. Your experience, Mr. Matthews, with nurses has already taught you that the largest, finest-looking women may not be best adapted to care for children. Women who get insufficient food may not be able to ~~e~~, and the same with those who use too much. Large women, with an excess of fat and muscle,

women with an excess of nervous development, may not be able to feed naturally. The trouble with this last nurse of yours has been that she has been adding to the size of her own body at the expense of the secretions. Probably at home she did eat lightly, as she says, but it was because she had but little to eat, or did not have a variety of food. When she came to you, she did as she probably was accustomed to do at Judge O'Leary's she speaks about—that is, gormandize. You can see, Matthews, by this time, some of the trials we have with nurses. Occasionally we do find excellent women—mentally and physically—but they are exceptions. Bear in mind the class of women we saw at the agencies and institutions, many of them already broken-down in health and spirits, entirely unfit to care for any child. Some absolutely so diseased that their touch was contamination. Look at the deception and trickery practiced in private as well as public institutions! Think of the carelessness and negligence everywhere apparent—the struggle for employment and money, without regard for truthfulness or the good of the employer—and do you wonder that

ladies are continually deceived as to their nurses? The average nurse believes that she must have ale or lager-beer; these drinks may be of service with some women at certain times, but plenty of cow's milk, nourishing soups and broths, are better. A reliable extract of malt is more serviceable than any malt liquor. The average wet-nurse is a peculiar character, well worthy to be the object of the descriptive powers of a Dickens, but Mrs. Matthews, we must decide as to the baby. Sarah will not take any steps toward following out any plan by which she might regain lost ground, so she must leave. To-morrow I will send you a very nice woman, who may be able to stay with you through the day and care for the baby, and you will have to look out for it at night by feeding. The boy is getting to be nearly five months old now, and will stand it, I hope. We might feed him entirely, to be sure, if everybody was careful, but the warm weather is coming, and it may be well to have nursing to fall back upon. This Mrs. Leonard is a very respectable American woman, with a baby some three months older than yours. But that, I hope, will make no difference. She can have her baby fed in the daytime."

Mrs. Leonard came, and in every way she answered our purpose. We could find no fault, but what can I say as to the nights? Before this I had had but little to do with baby at night. Now I was forced by circumstances to attend to him. He *would* have fits of crying, or, in the middle of the night, would lie on his back, wide awake, crowing and laughing.

The light had been kept burning for his especial benefit, but he cried just the same. It was my duty—planned out by our good mothers—to turn up or down the light as it became necessary, to attend to the heating of flannels whenever needed, to warm the catnip, to take my turn at hushing the baby—in fact, to do just what they would have done were they in my place, in my room.

One night, in turning down the light, it went out, and before I could find a match to relight the gas, the boy had calmed down and gone to sleep. Quite often the light went out after this, and generally with the same result. Mrs. Percy, hearing of this incident, gave it as her experience that “a light was entirely unnecessary;” for, except with her first baby for a while, they never had one at night. Mrs. Lazelle couldn’t get along without them.

Just about one week after Mrs. Leonard's arrival, the little fellow seemed to be unusually troublesome. Our good-hearted servant knew "it was the teeth that was at him." The rest of the family eagerly indorsed Kate's opinion, and then did I find that the first tooth was as anxiously watched for as the first baby itself is. From the tossing and rolling of the head, from an occasional heat of skin, on account of "druling," from the fact that the baby munched his nurse's fingers as well as the fingers of any one in reach—because he eagerly grasped anything available, and put it, if possible, into his capacious little mouth—"he was cutting his tooth."

Well, I can only say that babies choose very inopportune times for such things. Had he decided to do all this when we had a nurse, well and good, but to pick out this especial time, when I was in charge, was not fair; so I appealed to the grandmothers, and *they* took my place, while I occupied the room up-stairs; but the teeth didn't come through till fully six weeks from that time, and then only one little solitary tooth made its appearance, as if it was afraid to intrude.

This six weeks had been time enough for an im-

mense amount of speculation as to the number of teeth that would come, time enough for the friends in the neighborhood to pour into my wife's ears the details as to the cutting of all the teeth of all their children. Fortunately, our boy had not been troublesome for the whole of the six weeks. For a few days he was restless, and the friends would suppose that the tooth was about to show itself, then he would calm down. This was repeated several times before the venturesome tooth appeared. This I found was the history of many teeth.

After the tooth had really pushed its way through to the surface, it was shown with delight to many friends; but Mrs. Lazelle couldn't help remarking that "*her* babies all cut their teeth *before* five months, and, in fact, one of them, Leonora, was as early as three months." She failed to continue, as we thought she might, and show that, notwithstanding this early dentition, there were no poorer teeth in the neighborhood, perhaps, than those belonging to these very children of Mrs. Lazelle.

The minister's wife went into ecstasies over the tooth, and while she dandled the baby, talked to it of its "tootsey-pootsey," whatever that might be. The

ladies informed me afterward that *that* was baby-talk. It was well that I learned what it was, for I was doomed for some time to listen to just such talk from Mrs. Barnaby whenever she called, and as Mrs. Barnaby was rather looked upon by many of the church people as being about right, it was not surprising that Miss Denny occasionally let fall a word in this unknown tongue. Even the careful, educated Miss Oley, found herself at times checking herself. To this day I cannot see the sense of saying "day, day and ta, ta," when a baby is asked about going out for a walk, etc., but ladies evidently did then and still do.

Mrs. Jones' sterling good sense was of great use to us, whenever she had the time to give us a call and furnish us with some of her carefully wrought-out experience. She was an observing woman, who did not take everything for granted that she read or saw, and it was well that she did not, for the Crosstown *Health Journal* (so-called) was making its way into the various families connected with our church with amazing rapidity. Heading the list of subscribers was the name of Rev. Joseph A. Barnaby, D.D., and foremost in the ranks of its admirers was the reverend

gentleman. So thoroughly was Mr. B. in accord with the vital questions of the day that he felt it to be necessary to thoroughly ground himself in hygienic matters, as well as in theological and social problems, so he indorsed the Crosstown *Journal*. This he did the more readily as it was well understood that in a short time he would encourage the ladies in their efforts to establish a nursery, by the delivery of an address, full of facts and statistics showing the importance of a new institution for the care of the little ones. That many of his facts were to be taken from this Crosstown *Journal* was a strong advertisement for the magazine's agent, and he made good use of it.

My wife and I, determined to learn what we could about babies in general, and ours in particular, decided that we would, after all, get interested in this new nursery, that we would visit our neighbors at their homes and study out children there, that we would keep a well-managed diary of events; so the following evening we called at Mrs. Lazelle's.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR NEIGHBOR'S CHILDREN

THAT my readers may not imagine that the writer has branched off, for the time being, to describe his neighbors, with the purpose in view of abandoning his baby, I will state that the child gradually became accustomed to the last change, and seemed to do well.

While he *was* doing well, Lena and I, now thoroughly aroused to the importance of knowledge as well as theory in the care of children, could conceive of no better way of acquiring it than to visit the very people at their homes who had called upon us and given their experience for our use. Not that I believe it is well to always proceed in this way ; but we had already read over most of the books loaned by Dr. Lyons ; had had, in a short time, quite a varied experience, so we thought ; and then we both of us believed that we had at least a *little* more common sense than the majority of young parents.

It was our purpose, then, to try to procure, through the mistakes and experience of other people, material that would serve in the future for the perfect bringing up of our boy.

You will remember that Mrs. Lazelle sadly claimed the ownership of four children, two boys and two girls—Gustavus, aged ten years; Leonora, seven years; Sophronia, five years; and the "baby," Augustus, of three and a half years of age.

When we arrived at the pretty little house, four doors down, at just half-past eight, P.M., these four individuals greeted us at the door in a boisterous and not very agreeable manner. It so happened that when the door-bell rang, the two children who were up-stairs managed, by sliding down the bannister, or with giant strides, to come in collision with the two who had emerged from the sitting-room, and were rushing to the door. The consequence was that a mass of wriggling humanity found itself at the door in due time.

To quiet these lively members of the family was not easy, and so Mrs. Lazelle found it, as she endeavored to welcome us; but the welcome lost some of its force, as the lady's voice seemed but a whis-

per amid the pervading din. Finally, by the help of the father, the various children were disposed of for the time by being placed on chairs. Then, and not till then, had I an opportunity to look about me. From what I saw, and learned from outsiders afterward, it appeared that the house had been built some twelve years before; that it had been considered a neat, home-like residence—just such an one as a young couple would wish to begin their married life in.

Little by little, additions had been built on. This room had been changed in shape, that one had been converted into a storeroom or closet. The first baby set Mrs. Lazelle to planning for an enlargement of quarters, and this desire for a change had seemed to enlarge, with every successive baby, till at the time of our visit, she was ready at any time to “better” herself, as she called it. So it came to pass that, owing to this restless spirit, and the possession of a family, the household furniture was no longer “matched.” Ornamental articles were either sadly in need of repair, or were missing. Everything seemed to call aloud for somebody’s care. At the time of her marriage, Mrs. Lazelle was young, pretty, proud and sen-

sitive, with just enough money on hand for her to imagine that they might live comfortably, so the pleasant little house was built.

Lazelle was an agreeable gentleman, of good character, also possessed of some money ; fond of his wife, but rather liking his ease.

As long as the honeymoon lasted 'without a baby, the little discrepancies which arise in most families were smoothed away.

When Gustavus arrived, and after the first outbreak of joy was over, Mr. and Mrs. Lazelle found that a babe in a house might be a well-spring of pleasure, if it had no lungs or apparatus of voice, for the little fellow was born dyspeptic, and was subject to pain and griping. His mother was dyspeptic before him, but whether dyspepsia can be hereditary, has not, I believe, been fully ascertained. Being a dyspeptic baby, and the mother being of a nervous temperament, and her milk not agreeing with the child, a cow was purchased, and a nurse procured to feed the child with the cow's milk. Now this nurse and Mrs. Lazelle had some views in common, viz., that an occasional dose of laxative medicine was good for a baby, and that when a baby cried, especially at

night, it was advisable to quiet it first by rocking and singing, and secondly by some soothing medicine or "sleep-drops," but as the medicine must always be at hand, it came about that it was more often used, perhaps, than the first method was. Doctor Namen, the doctor of the well-to-do classes, the man of dignity and reputation, was, of course, the one present at the birth of the first baby, and after he had made his few necessary visits, he did not call. As the child was easily relieved of a pain or quieted into a sleep by the magic draught, it was seldom deemed necessary to send for the physician. When he was sent for, he looked with great composure upon the puny, screaming baby, and suggested in his low, impressive voice, "that it might be well to give the child a warm foot-bath, to rub his back a little, and to dilute his milk a trifle more." The milk *was* diluted, the bath was given, and the back rubbed but the baby grew thinner and thinner, in spite of those attentions. When it had dwindled down into a marasmic infant and looked like an old man, with his dry and shriveled skin and its sunken eyes, then, and not till then, did Mrs. Lazelle see the importance of rousing herself. The first thing was to change the doctor, so Doctor Pearsall was called in.

This physician was a man of about forty years of age, well fed, contented with himself and the way in which the world had used him. Starting in his professional career with some money and energy, he had prospered. Naturally of a more cheerful disposition than Doctor Namen, he had made his mark in a shorter time. His energy combined with a practice he had of leaving the carrying-out of details to his patients, won him many friends among the female portion of the population.

When he assumed the charge of the Lazelle baby his observations soon showed him that the child could not prosper as long as the food was not digested, and laxatives were alternated with medicines to induce sleep. These difficulties were pointed out, and directions written down; but there the matter ended. The child thrived quite well, but was subject to fits of indigestion and attacks of fever. Twice did it have convulsions, once measles, once chicken-pox, once bronchitis, etc., etc., for the list as given me by Mrs. L. was quite a long one.

At ten years of age, we found him tall, thin, full of nervous excitement, peevish and irritable. His every whim was gratified for fear that any opposi-

tion might induce brain trouble, which had been known to be present in some of his ancestors years before. His teeth were eroded and diseased, the result, as Doctor Lyons told me, of his frequent indigestions and attacks of sickness; and the doctor knew, for he too had attended this family. It was only for a short time, for Mrs. Lazelle, as she became more and more worried with her family cares, grew more and more exacting with every one but herself, so Doctors Namen, Pearsall, Lyons, Sawyer, Bowles and Belcher were tried each in turn; but still the children did not develop and grow as those of Mrs. Jones did, who rarely had a physician in the house. These above-named doctors were different types of men, and represented at least two of the so-called medical systems or "pathies," and yet they were not able to accomplish much. What Mrs. Jones believed was, that a mother's care was wanting. "Doctors are of no use," she said, "unless the mother will do as they say." That the mother was inefficient was shown during our visit, for though it was nearly nine o'clock, P.M., the little three year old Augustus, who should have been in bed, was wide awake, and, moreover, in his anxiety to get upon a chair, before

the descending hand of the father could reach him, had placed upon the sofa a piece of bread and butter, the butter-side being down.

It was no unusual thing, so it seemed, to give the children something to eat before going to bed, though a hearty supper had been disposed of at seven o'clock. In fact Augustus, who awoke in the night, complaining of feeling “hungry,” was supplied with something. The first call in the morning and nearly the last at night was “something to eat,” and so it had always been. The boy had grown to be fat, saucy, and given to destructiveness. In fact, he was over-fed, and, like the seal at the Aquarium, showed his gorging by a skin eruption on and about his face.

Sophronia, who had lived with her grandmother in the country for a year or more, showed the effects of good, pure air and wholesome food, combined with an intelligent oversight in her more robust figure and better behavior than was apparent in her brothers and sister; but by contact with the unruly members of the family, the girl was in danger of losing the good characteristics. Leonora, though she had cut her teeth at an early age, did not have many to boast of at seven years. A pale, sickly girl she

was, fond of pastry and sweets, and unwilling to touch such "stuff" as meat and vegetables. Twice had the effort been made to send her to school, but each time she had returned home with a headache. The last time roused her father into looking into the condition of the school, and when he found that over sixty children were crowded into a mere closet, it seemed to him, even with his easy-going nature, necessary to do something, so the child was kept out of school, and she was sickly—deficient in mind and muscle. It was a question with Lena and myself whether such a specimen of humanity could stand the ordinary wear and tear even of an ordinary school, let alone the impurities and bad results of over-crowding, which arise in some of our schools. Gustavus went to school whenever he felt like it. Sometimes Augustus would be allowed to go with his brother, but as surely as he did there was trouble. He would eat his brother's lunch, or burst into crying because he could not have what he wanted. At home he ruled the servants, and demanded pennies of them, which they gave in order to be on good terms with one who had such influence with Mrs. Lazelle.

To control such a quartet as this must be difficult, and so evidently did the parents believe. You will say, my readers, that the children were “spoilt.” So they were; but you will find many a spoilt child in many a family.

The father and mother that evening were the pictures of distress. Between the anxiety to have the children behave well, and the inability to control them, our visit was not as pleasant as it might have been. At half-past nine Augustus was carried off to bed by the up-stairs girl, screaming as he went. For just one-half hour had he been quiet, while Lena amused him by telling stories, letting him examine her watch and play with her bead-chain. At the end of one hour afterward the remaining children were sent to bed, in the face of protests on their part. They had evidently discovered the arrangements made down-stairs for our entertainment, and insisted upon having something. Mr. Lazelle began by saying they must not eat at this time of night, and ended by giving what they wanted, in order, as he said, to have “peace in the house.”

As we were enjoying in the dining-room the quiet and fruit, far removed from the din and voracious

appetites which reigned up-stairs, Mr. Lazelle remarked that he “was glad when the young ones had gone to bed, the little scamps had got to be so unruly.”

“Yes, my dear,” said Mrs. L., “it’s just what I told you when our second was born, if you didn’t take hold, the children would go to destruction, and so they have. Any one knows that I have worked like a slave.”

“And didn’t I furnish the money, Mrs. L., to run the house? And didn’t I make all the changes you wanted? And haven’t I been for the doctor at all times of the night, and always paid him? Surely, you musn’t blame me. If any one is to blame, pitch into the force of circumstances.”

Evidently, to our minds, this family did not appropriate all the happiness, order and harmony which was in their reach, and we were not sorry to take our leave. We had learned enough to know that Mr. and Mrs. Lazelle did not pull well together in the traces; that Mr. L. had given way to his wife in many things, and had failed to help her in others; that she had, little by little, developed her fancies and oddities by practice; that the various changes

had been made, and attemps at reform, which only rendered the children more and more uneasy.

We believed that had these children belonged to some decided sensible people, they would have been different.

We felt reasonably assured, from a satisfaction in our own abilities, that *we* never should strike on the same rocks and be stranded; and so the note-book registered that night determinations—first, to pull together, and, secondly, to have *our* boy learn to mind.

On the following Wednesday evening we called at Mrs. Jones'.

Our insight into the workings of the Jones family "at home," was productive of good to us. Here were seven children, the oldest twelve years of age, the youngest one year. My impression before our visit had been that the Jones children must be perfect. They were undoubtedly the best children I had seen, but they had appetites and wills of their own which occasionally asserted themselves in opposition to the parents' desires, though a gentle reprimand seldom failed to be understood. Not that Mr. and Mrs. Jones were harsh or severe, far from it; but they had learned how far the children might

be safely allowed to assert themselves I say learned for Mrs. Jones assured my wife "that it was very hard work to raise children properly."

"Before my marriage," she continued, "it was a favorite idea of mine that I could raise a family as it should be raised, and that there was no necessity for me to stumble into the same pits that other people had, but when Tom was born he was such a crier that I was almost unstrung. His father then could not well afford to hire a nurse for me, and we never thought we ought to go to that expense since, so, with the first and the last baby mother has been with me, and only for a short time on each occasion, for she has a large family of her own and cannot easily leave her home, so you see I have been compelled to fight it out alone. No, I ought not to say alone, for my dear husband has helped me in every way he could, but then he had to work so very hard to keep us clothed and fed, that when he comes home at night I do not feel like bothering him with complaints, and there is no use denying that I have felt almost discouraged at times.

"Tom would go out with a new clean suit on, and in a little while in he would come dirty, and with a

large hole in his pants, perhaps. Susie, who ordinarily is as gentle as a dove, gets very much ruffled occasionally, and especially when at school some girl tells her that her father is poor. Then there is Joe, who never has seemed to be afraid of anything or anybody. Nothing seems to give him as much satisfaction as ‘getting square,’ as he calls it, with some boy, either by going ahead of him in school, or by beating him at a game of marbles, or in wrestling, and this makes havoc with the clothes. He has fought once or twice, and I have been at a loss how to guide him in the right. I don’t want him to be a coward or a bully. Fred hasn’t gone to school yet, and is of service to me at home doing chores. He is a patient, lovable little fellow, but I am afraid he has not quite energy enough to push him on in the world. It will give him many hard knocks, and he may not be well prepared to meet them, for he is a timid boy, and not as strong as the others. Jessie seems to be a strong baby, and I hope will grow up to be a comfort.

“ You think I ought not to worry, Mrs. Matthews! I don’t worry a great deal. It is the little things I have been telling you of that set me to thinking, for

I must say that the children have no great faults. Ever since I have had children I have had to study and plan for them; and so it will be, I suppose, until they become men and women. If I relaxed my watchfulness, some mishap has been sure to happen. Susie learns easily and is very bright; so, of course, her teacher as well as her parents are proud of her. A year ago she was very anxious to pass examination for a higher class I knew that she had a good many studies—more than I could master in twenty-four hours, or her teacher either, (for she told me that she had made the experiment, and failed); but I let her go on, against my judgment. She succeeded, as she has been taught to endeavor to do, by persevering effort; but the result was, that for a month or so afterward, she was so prostrated that we were compelled to send her away from the noise of the city, at a considerable expense to us. When they were babies I am sure, as I look back now, that we made many mistakes. I feel certain, too, that many times they might have been saved from pain, discomfort and unhappiness if we had been watchful.

“ As I have already said, before marriage I believed that children could be brought up by a certain fixed

rule, but experience has taught me the importance of adapting myself to the necessities of the child. My children differ in dispositions, appetites and longings, and I cannot follow out exactly the same course with all of them.

"This *Herald of Health*, so highly indorsed by Mr. Barnaby and others, does not seem to me to be exactly what we want. Mr. B. is already shaping his ideas according to its teaching, and we may have trouble when the nursery is established, for I am confident that Mrs. Percy and Mrs. Bond, (who came so near losing her baby by sticking to one idea,) are ready to oppose it and all that it teaches."

I could sympathize with Mrs. Jones' views, for I was captured at first by the ably written editorials, the striking physiological illustrations, the neat binding and good print.

After more careful perusals, and several inquiries, it was evident that the editor had some pecuniary interest in the sale of Dick's Celebrated Graham Crackers, Thompson's Desiccated Milk, Wheeler's Health Rejuvenator—in Tom, Dick and Harry's stores, in short. The whole arrangement was very much like that of the cook-book which gave some admir-

able recipes for the preparation of coffee, but ended each one with the advice to use “ Smith’s Patent Coffee Urn, as it was the only urn or pot that would be of service.”

Then this health journal was not truthful, so Doctor Lyons said. “ It’s plates were borrowed, and the pictures were as exaggerated as the description of them.” In the third place, it was forever telling of the advantages of exercise before breakfast, of the great nutritiousness of the cereals, as contrasted with meat, of how to live on almost nothing a day, of how not to be poor.

All this would have been well, had any of the suggestions proved practical enough to carry out. According to Mrs. Jones’ statement, she would not change her experience for any one’s pet theories. She *had* attempted to use flannel with all her children, but was compelled to remove it from two of them, as it produced an irritating eruption. She had acted on some one’s advice, and kept one baby almost smothered in clothes, for fear of catching cold. It broke into a profuse perspiration, and soon became weak, and upon *its* body an eruption appeared. With another, she had first gone to the other ex-

treme, and put on too little clothing, and the baby was down sick with Summer trouble.

“Many of the afflictions which fall to the lot of children are,” she continued, “due, I believe, to the want of a mother’s care. To look back now, and see what I have left undone, makes me despondent sometimes, but I have tried to profit by my mistakes.

“When Tom and Susie were vaccinated, they did not suffer much, and soon got over the effects; but poor little Fred had a dreadful arm, all swollen up to his shoulder, and almost down to his hand. I know very well that the doctor told me that the matter was perfectly good and pure, and that this turn in affairs was due to the feeble condition of the little fellow, after his attack from cholera infantum, but then a good many of the neighbors came in, and a large number insisted upon it that it was all owing to bad matter, and I began to think so; but I have now found how unjust I was in my suspicions.

“When Joe was three years old, it so happened that I was not very well, and for a time, to keep the house quiet, I let him play out on the sidewalk with other children in the block. One day it was quite

hot, much warmer out of doors than I had supposed. Joe had eaten a larger dinner than usual, and after he had played out of doors for a little while, he came into the house complaining of headache. He was out of sorts for some time afterward, and we believe he must have had a ‘touch of the sun.’

“Mrs. Phillips lost her little girl, you know, from congestion of the brain brought on by a sunstroke. Ever since, during the very hot weather, I have clothed the children, baby and all, in loose, thin clothing, and have given them light food, free from much fat, and I find it pays, if I am careful not to let them catch cold by exposure to sudden changes of temperature; but I am afraid, Mrs. Matthews, that I have detained you, and probably wearied you with my family matters, but you must excuse me—for I scarcely know when to stop, if once I get started.”

Her recital had not been wearisome to us. On the contrary, new light was let in upon cherished ideas, and as we wended our way toward our own little home, it was understood between us that we had seen a couple who were doing the best they knew how, that they were endeavoring to reach perfection. Jones was an overworked man, and his

wife was weighed down with the care of a large family and all the worries said to belong to it. Yet they were in the main cheerful and hopeful, and evidently believed that the only way in which perfection could be reached was by judgment and work.

Mrs. Percy's family was yet to be inspected, though living only next door; for as often as we had received calls from Mrs. Percy, we had seen but very little of Mr. Percy or the boys. Three strong, robust, strapping fellows they turned out to be—full of rough, boyish ways, but, after all, little gentlemen. It seems that, from birth almost, they were accustomed to the free use of water, at first tepid, then cool, and finally, as they reached the age of four years, cold water was well borne. While she believed in water, she also thought that there was such a thing as too much bathing; so her plan was the following :

Before they were one year old, sponging in tepid or cool water once every day (in Summer) or every other day in cool weather. After one year, a good bath in a large tub once a week—first washing the entire body with tepid water, and using good pure soap, if necessary, to remove dirt; then sponging off

with cold water ; and, finally, the bodies were rubbed perfectly dry with a firm, large towel. During the week “ sponge-baths ” were resorted to. For these she made bag-like mittens, first for her own use with the boys, and afterward *they* used them. These mittens were dipped into tepid water, and well lathered, if necessary, with soap, then passed rapidly over the body, then rinsed out in cold water and used upon the body ; after which strong rubbing was resorted to. “ The “ sponge-bath,” she contended, “ should only take up a few moments of time; and it is a grand thing for the boys; they learn to do things quickly and well. There isn’t one of them but what I could send on an errand almost anywhere, and trust with anything, too. They have been brought up to mind, but they have had plenty to eat and to wear, and they can afford to. Supposing I had let them eat candies and cakes—like lots of people do—do you suppose, Mr. Matthews, that they would have the teeth they have now, or would they feel like taking a hold of books or work? Not a bit of it. Why, they have scarcely had a sick day in their lives. I nursed every one of them till their teeth came, and then they began to have oatmeal, milk,

the juice of beef, bread-and-butter, during the day-time, while I nursed at night if I thought they needed anything; but they didn't want it very long, and now see what they are.

“Mr. Percy is a great hand to have children go to bed early, and never would have any light in the room after they were in bed; and many's the evening that he used to play hide-and-seek in the dark with the little ones, so that they would learn not to be afraid. You would never think to look at him now, that he used to romp with the young ones, but he did, and they are the better for it. Thank the Lord, the whole of us are well and hearty.”

They were a robust family—“like parents, like children.” As lively as Salter appeared in public, I knew that at heart he was worried. His mirthfulness was like an outer garment, which he always had ready to hide his inner feelings.

His wife was a gentle, affectionate person, with an inherited tendency to consumption. She was a beautiful woman, too, and a favorite in society; but her physical strength was so much below par that poor Salter was under an almost constant expense for the luxuries which seemed to her, at least, to be necessi-

ties. Then my friend's health was none of the best. While at college during the boat-racing fever he had overtrained for the work, and had never been able since to do hard work or to bear fatigue.

They had three children born to them, but two were dead at the time of our visit. The first had died of what the doctors call “inanition,” or exhaustion from want of nourishment. It had seemed impossible to get any food to agree. The second developed “water on the brain,” and died. Ethel, the only child left to them, was a delicate, pretty, light-haired and blue-eyed little damsel of five years, active and of quick perception; but her father dreaded the onset of any attack of sickness, for he well knew that she had but a slight hold on life; yet he was not idle, but endeavored to build her up. For endurance in all athletic sports he appreciated the importance of free inspiration and expiration of air by the lungs, and he watched with anxiety the feeble respiratory powers of his little girl. For a year he had spent some of the time each day in lung-gymnastics for her benefit, and with good results.

“Yes, Bob, it's doing her good. Why, if she goes on increasing the power of her lungs, what will be-

come of the poor parents when her voice is strong, and there is a bellows' power behind it, like the one developing there? It doesn't do. does it, Ethie, to let the women have too much to say?"

This he said as he bent down to kiss her, and, while he did so, a tear or two started into his eyes, which he hastily brushed away.

There could be no doubt of his love and tenderness as well as anxiety. To engraft healthy life upon a weakened foundation, to preserve respect and love, to bring up an only child properly, seemed to be his one great object in life.

“After all, Matthews.” he used to say, “it's very much like caring for a tree. You plant it in good soil, water it, and give mineral substances for food. It is exposed to the air and sun, and with sheers, rope and pruning-knife we train it in the way it should go, so that when old it will not depart from it.”

Lena and I had intended to visit Miss Oley the same evening that we called upon the Salters, but were compelled to defer our visit to another time.

CHAPTER X.

THE NURSERY.

IT was now well along into Summer. The days were inclined toward sultriness, and the nights were often unfavorable for a sound sleep. Flies had begun to be persistently attentive, would buzz and tickle at very inopportune times, while the mosquitoes came upon us eager and thirsty. The thermometer registered 75° Fahr. and over. Clothing was uncomfortable, bathing a luxury. Store-rooms, closets and cellar were close and musty, unless thoroughly aired. The appetite began to flag and the body to grow weary. Ice melted away rapidly, and if by any means, we were not able to keep up a supply, the milk soured, putrefaction and decay set in.

Just as Lena and I were ready to call one evening on Miss Oley, baby was taken suddenly sick. The day had been warm, but the boy had been kept cool with spongings and thin clothing. He had

nursed well and seemed bright. At six o'clock Mrs. Leonard was compelled to leave. At seven P.M. he was fed upon cow's milk which seemed sweet and good, but soon after, he threw it up, and his hands and face grew almost cold. His color vanished, and to those of us who stood by, it seemed as if he must die. It must be told here that our mothers-in-law were as frightened as the rest of us, notwithstanding they had raised families of children, and in this emergency were not found equal to the art of keeping cool. The servant had alarmed the neighbors and soon they began to pour in. Mrs. Lazelle "couldn't stand the sight," sat down and wept, then wrung her hands, "because" she wasn't able to do anything for us. Mrs. Percy suggested "brandy," but Mrs. Jones was the only one who took it upon herself to give it—a very, very few drops in water every ten or fifteen minutes. This, with gently rubbing the body with a warm towel, brought the poor little fellow back again to us, and, under Mrs. Jones' directions, he gradually recovered. "I well remember," she said, "the same experience I had once with one of my little ones—and from study and thought I am confident that, in both in-

stances, you will find the cause in the hot weather and some change in the milk that we can't perceive, perhaps. I have, for a long time, kept a bottle of test-paper in my house, so that I could have a piece to dip into the milk-can before I gave any milk to the children, and I have found that, sometimes when milk tastes sweet and smells sweet, yet the blue test-paper would be reddened, showing that there was some acid in the milk, and this might make it upset the baby's stomach. Then, they say that a good deal of the cow's milk that is said to come from the country never has been there, that some of it comes from sick cows—cows, just think of it, dying of consumption—and that if the milkman is not careful to clean his cans well, a piece of curdy milk the size of a pea will taint a whole can, and my husband says that he has seen the milkman nearly fill a can with water, pour in a little milk on top, and sell the milk and water for pure milk. What is going to become of all the children if things go on in this way?"

"Why, do as I have always advised my son-in law, Mr. Matthews, to do—buy a cow," answered Mrs. Vincent. "When I came here, I knew what was wanted, for haven't I been reading the papers for

the last ten years, and don't they tell all about the wicked doings in this big city?"

This was my mother-in-law's last shot, and it stung me. So sensitive was I, that I *did* look about for a cow, but I soon found that it was only the favored few who could afford to keep cows in the cities as they should be kept. To be sure, a cow—such as it was—could be bought, a lot with a few blades of grass in it could be hired for pasturage, a little tow-headed boy around the corner could be hired to drive it—or run it, as such boys do usually—to and from pasture (?). Mr. Jenks' stable could be hired, or, rather, one stall in it could, for it held already four horses, three dogs—one for use, one for show, and one to bet on in a rat-fight. Then there were two goats kept for Mr. Slocum's baby. So I did not buy a cow, but searched the city over till I found an honest milk-dealer, who kept cows a few miles from the city, and brought his milk undiluted to our door.

The baby fattened on it, and the parents indulged themselves in its use. Now that we had found milk which really tasted like country milk, Mrs. Vincent felt that her responsibility had about ended, and so

went to her home; but the mails brought from time to time the advice "not to starve the child," to keep it out of the sun, not to let everybody handle it, because she had just picked up the paper and saw in it that small-pox was "raging in New York city."

The good old lady! how over-anxious and oversensitive she was, and yet how kind at heart, though she could not seem to understand that the "young people" must learn "how to run the house and care for the children," as other people have had to before them.

Miss Oley was a great favorite of hers, and we could scarcely understand why, until we finally called upon her. Then we learned how enthusiastic she was, what common sense she mingled with her enthusiasm, how she never tired of working for a good cause, with what zeal she endeavored to carry out any plan that would elevate her fellow-beings. Having lived in the country for a number of years, she appreciated the advantages of pure air and surroundings, and endeavored in every possible way to put them within the reach of the poor among the tenements, and in the low-lying parts of the city known to the health authorities as the pigsty dis-

tricts. She had been instrumental in starting the Diet Dispensary, which already, in its two months' existence, had relieved so many.

The weather had been warm and babies were sick, and many had died, but this dispensary seemed to be preventing disease, by furnishing to the poor, on physicians' orders, excellent milk, oatmeal, beef-tea and other articles.

At the time of our visit, Miss Oley was particularly interested in furnishing fresh air to the poor by planning for excursions on river and bay, by the establishment of "country week homes," as already found in operation at Copenhagen, and near Boston, and by the erection of sea-side homes on the sandy shores of the ocean. Her enthusiasm was so contagious that it did not seem to us a difficult matter for her to interest any number of people in any new project.

"Now do, Mr. Matthews, become a subscriber to our fund for the establishment of the new nursery. Your wife has already promised to become an active member, and you know you must do as much good work as she does, and so many of the gentlemen have put their names down. If you don't feel like giving to the nursery, why not take an interest in these Sum-

mer picnics we are trying to get up, for the benefit of the poor little children? When our nursery is opened, I want to see some arrangement then to take the children out for rides or fresh air, for I don't believe that they get enough of either. Of course, it would be better if we could raise money enough to buy a place in the country, and send the children off for the Summer, so we could clean and paint, as well as air everything; but here I am talking away, and only a building has been hired, and there are no children in it, and no board of managers elected. A physician isn't appointed even, though there is a good deal of talk about who is to have charge. Now, Lena, would you, if you were me, vote for Doctor Lyons? He is younger than the other doctors, you know, and has the reputation of having 'hobbies,' of talking too much, and of being too particular. Doctor Namen would bring dignity and respectability to the institution; Doctor Pearsall, influence and money—besides he is popular; Doctor Sawyer is too gruff—I can't bear him; Doctor Bowles is a clear out-and-out homeopathist; while Doctor Belcher calls himself 'liberal,' and has a good many friends. Of course, what we want is some one who will take a live inter-

est in the children, and try to have as little sickness as possible."

"Well, Jennie, if that is the kind of a person you need, I believe Doctor Lyons would be just the man; of course, I don't know anything about him, except what I've seen with my little boy, but he has been real kind and attentive to me and the baby, and Bob thinks everything of him, and why shouldn't I like him? I really don't know anything about 'pathy,' or the school of medicine he follows, and I don't care, as long as he gets along well with us, and we like him. As far as I can learn, the best doctors don't have any 'pathy' at all. I believe I should be afraid to have a doctor who claimed to always be able to cure everything and everybody, and certainly I would if he was talking against other doctors."

"That is all true enough, Lena ; but would you have an unmarried man, who has never had any children of his own to look out for, put in charge of lots of babies?"

"The reason he isn't married, Jennie, is probably because he has never seen exactly the woman he would like to marry," slyly interposed my wife.

"Yes, I understand," answered Miss Oley, evi-

dently touched ; " but Doctor Namen would be just the person, if he wasn't so dignified, and could only keep himself up to the times. He doesn't really care to practice any more, and I suppose we will have to appoint some younger man ; but who it is to be I don't know."

It seemed curious to me that Miss Oley should object to Doctor Lyons on the ground of his being particular, for certainly she was in many respects like him. He was not quite as sanguine as she was, probably, because his business had taught him not to be ; but he had the same general object in view, viz., to do all that could be done for the poor and afflicted. She had her way of doing the work and he had his.

In the various charitable enterprises afloat he also had an interest, and, in his quiet way, did much good. This she must have known ; but her " ideal physician was a man of silvery hair, with a gentle, comforting manner, whose words were the essence of wisdom, whose life had been, and is, devoted to study, practice and research. He must be a married man, and devoted to his profession."

Alas ! no such a man was forthcoming, and this was

not the first time that Miss Oley had been mistaken and disappointed. Two *protégés*, taken up amid misery and want, were cared for by her, clothed, fed, sent to school, and then the boy was taught a trade, and the girl was retained as a companion and seamstress; but the boy ran away to sea, and the girl fell in love with a miserable, lazy fellow, and married him; yet our friend was sanguine that everything would yet turn out well.

She was disappointed when she was satisfied that her ideal doctor could not be found, and how to obtain some one who could fairly represent this ideal was the question.

Two weeks from the time of our visit the ladies and gentlemen interested had a meeting, and elected a board of twenty lady managers, and five gentlemen directors, to take charge of the nursery. Then followed a meeting of the Board of Managers, and quite a "lively" one it was, to use Lena's expression, for she had been made a manager, and was present.

The appointment of a matron was first in order. Six women were highly recommended by several of the ladies, but a choice finally fell upon a Mrs. Mor-

rell, for whom it was claimed that she had had a large experience in the care of babies, and had raised a family of her own. A Mrs. Conant was installed as assistant matron, while, after much debate, Doctor Belcher, the "liberal," and Pearsall were chosen as physicians. Doctor Lyons received but seven votes, Miss Oley voting against him on the ground that he was an unmarried man and too particular. Soon the institution got into running order; the rooms were filled with babies. Donations of all sorts of things began to pour in, many of them of no earthly use to any of the inmates. Old, worn-out clothing, broken toys, dilapidated furniture, canned fruits and vegetables, that had probably incumbered the shelves of the worthy tradespeople for months past—were actually offered, accepted for fear of giving offense, and acknowledged in the daily papers. There were reliable gifts of money, warm clothing, soap, sweet-oil, vaseline (which had proved itself to be useful to us with our baby), oatmeal, flour, wheat, Indian-meal, sugar, rice, etc., etc., besides nursery-lamps, water-coolers, hair-mattresses for Winter and wire-woven ones for Summer use, bedclothes, rolls of cotton, woolen and

linen-cloth, good, stiff hair-brushes, etc. The two baby-carriages donated were so much out of repair that it cost as much to put them in order as would reasonably be expended in the purchase of new vehicles, but the ladies did not care to grumble, for they were relying for aid upon a “generous public.”

It was thought best, after all, not to have any especial opening exercises, so the address of the Rev. Doctor Barnaby was postponed for the annual meeting.

Lena was not able to attend any of the meetings, or to visit the institution for several months. Rumors reached us during this period of neglect upon the part of the matron. It was even said that she acted at times as if her brain was affected. Miss Oley spoke highly of the kindness and efficiency of Mrs. Conant, and hoped that Mrs. Morrell’s health would improve soon; “she was so nervous, and spoke so sharply to the children.” About the doctors she said but little. It was evident to Lena and myself that things were not going on smoothly.

If Doctor Lyons’ name was mentioned by us, Miss Oley either passed on to other subjects of conversation, or spoke of him rather contemptuously, we

thought. But the doctor quietly went on with the work he was engaged in, and whenever he met Miss Oley at our house, or elsewhere, was still polite and gentlemanly. He was also interested in the Nursery, but was very careful as to what he said about the management of it. He was evidently interested in Miss Oley, but to get into her good graces was a difficult matter. When I had occasion to go one evening to the Nursery on an errand, who should I find was the matron but our first acquaintance, Mrs. Flynn. She had married Mr. Morrell, received a better name, a little money, and could dress better. Mrs. Conant proved to be the widow I saw once in Doctor Lyons' office, and an interesting, fine-looking woman she was. With the discovery of Mrs. Flynn it was also evident that Doctor Lyons had an enemy in the institution, and it was probable that Miss Oley's opinion of him had been somewhat colored by her stories.

Certainly Doctor Lyons did have an enemy in Mrs. Morrell, and a wily one she was; but how came she there in such an institution, and in charge of it, too? Why, in this way. Mrs. Billings' coachman was second cousin to Jim Morrell, who kept a corner

grocery, with a "nate little bar" in the rear of it. Mrs. Flynn, who was always on the lookout for something or somebody to better herself with, put this and that together—viz., there was to be a new nursery started, and a matron appointed with a salary, but the woman must come well recommended; then there was Mr. Morrell, the widower, with some money, and he was a big man in politics, besides. Now, if she could marry him and prink up a little, who knew what luck might befall her?

It seemed that Billings, who held a fat-salaried political office, owed his appointment in the main to this Jim Morrell, whom he seldom cared to call upon in the daytime, for fear of being seen entering a store which had begun to have a bad name; but so strong was Jim's political grip, that Billings endeavored to serve him in every possible way.

Mrs. Flynn enticed the groceryman into marriage, and, as mistress of the house, became proficient in "pulling the wires." Billings had promised Morrell that he would do what he could for his wife, but never dreamed at the time that she would want to be matron of the nursery, in which the ladies and gentlemen were beginning to be interested. Morrell

died from tippling, leaving but little money to his widow and her children. The money she put into her pocket, and the children into the Half-Orphan Asylum, and with her late husband's cousin, besieged Mr. Billings for a position.

It was some time before Mrs. Billings would agree to favor Mrs. Morrell's application for matron, but the political thumb-screws bore heavily upon Billings, and he and his wife succumbed, so that at the first meeting of the Board of Managers Mrs. Billings proposed the name of Mrs. Morrell, on the ground that she had raised a large family.

Nothing was said as to the “orphans” whereabouts, and few cared to inquire into particulars about the woman as long as Mrs. Billings, the worthy president, had suggested the name. The waitress at the Billings' table had informed the coachman as to the conversations upon the choice of physicians, and the coachman had taken extra pains to let Mrs. Morrell know all about them; so the woman started out to defeat any plan for the installment of Doctor Lyons, and had succeeded in drawing away adherents.

This was accomplished, not by any open attack,

but by shakes of the head, little miserable "suggestions," insinuations as to character, and accounts of unsuccessful cases. They did the work. People who had been believed to be friends of Doctor Lyons hesitated, thought they would make inquiries as to the doctor, postponed them from day to day, and when the meeting was called, remembered that they had *not* inquired, but rather than have any physician in charge of the institution against whom there was the least suspicion, they voted against him.

And just this mode of proceeding may be, and is exemplified almost every day. Miss Oley, who had already determined not to have an unmarried man as physician, was rather glad of the "opposition" as an excuse for her vote, though mingled with her joy at success was a sympathy for Doctor Lyons, for she could not believe the rumors afloat about him. She well knew that her sympathy must not be expressed, for when once openly bestowed, it was difficult to keep it in due bounds, so she was very circumspect.

The nursery meanwhile lived on. A few of the managers had learned the antecedents of the matron,

and were in favor of her removal, but whenever any lady called at the building and questioned the nurses as to the condition of things, everything was said to be “as good as could be.” On visiting-days, or when any visitor was expected, the children looked clean, the floors had a polish, all articles offensive to the eye and nose were put into closets, and the keys of these closets into the matron’s pocket. If a lady manager wanted to look into a closet, the key was “mislaid” (?), and rather than put the matron to the trouble to look for it, the manager went on her way without seeing the inside of anything.

The matron chuckled to herself at her sharpness, and gave the colicky babies an extra dose of gin to quiet them. Now, these babies were many in number, for the larger proportion were bottle-fed.

An unexpected visit by Miss Oley and my wife revealed dirt, bad odors, disorder and want of care, and yet it was the same institution so highly spoken of by visitors of the previous day, for the unexpected visit had been made in the evening. Bottles of milk were sour to test-paper and taste even, with mouth-pieces sour-smelling and not thoroughly cleansed. Pans of food for the children stood upon the window-

sills or chairs of the bedroom, to remain there till morning. Closets were crammed with dirty clothes, wearing apparel, soiled garments, and odds and ends. Windows were closed, or the ventilators stuffed with shawls or skirts. The air was close, sickening, stifling. The odors, perceptible on entering the building, grew more and more disgusting as the visitors ascended the stairs. And this was the institution of which the ladies were so proud.

No wonder the babies sickened and died. Strange to say they could not or would not live on the little attentions, so gently bestowed by the kind-hearted ladies. Ah, thought I, an institution needs the same care as a private family does, only more thorough and constant, for every breath, every soiled piece of clothing, every particle of dirt, every bad odor, every atom of fermenting or putrefying material, every neglect, poisons the blood, influences the mind, or dwarfs bodily vigor. The matron persistently affirmed that she had not smelt or seen anything out of the way with the place, and so she was retained, for few of the ladies cared to call at other than regular times, when Mrs. Morrell was sure to be prepared for them.

The doctors proved to be good-natured, agreeable gentlemen, who called regularly at certain hours—gave the matron verbal directions to follow out—spent a short time in passing through the building—or, if hurried by outside business, received reports of the condition of affairs from the matron. They saw nothing amiss with the matron, and in monthly reports to the board, mentioned her valuable services.

Mrs. Conant, who, we ascertained had accomplished about all the good that was done, received not even a passing notice, but her time was to come.

One cold Winter evening, when the elements seemed at war with each other—when wind and storm, by their fury, rid the streets of human beings, save here and there, throughout the large city, miserable, houseless tramps, both women and men, who crouched in areas, or huddled in niches and crevices, between and about houses and warehouses—upon such a night, Miss Oley called upon us, absorbed in a new undertaking, and utterly regardless of the cold and sleet. Mrs. Scott, the poor shoemaker's wife, had suddenly died, leaving a delicate little baby, just one month old, behind her. There was no one in

Scott's family who could care for it, and he could not afford to hire any one. Doctor Lyons, who was a friend of the shoemaker, became very much interested in the baby. Miss Oley had assisted Scott from time to time with work and food. Mrs. Conant, at the nursery, knew him well, and was anxious to have the baby raised, for Scott's sake, and for the dead mother's, who had been a friend to her, when she occupied rooms next door to the shoemaker's shop. Under the circumstances, Doctor Lyons believed the best thing to do, was to place the baby under Mrs. Conant's care, providing she alone would be able to see to it, for, as he said, "he well appreciated the difficulties institutions had in procuring wet-nurses, and so could not expect this baby to be wet-nursed, but he also knew that to admit a baby into the bottle-fed wards of an institution was almost certain death."

If Mrs. Conant could care for it, he felt sure that the baby would have every possible chance for life and her sad experience with her own family had been of great service to her. Everything depended upon having the Scott baby put under Mrs. Conant's care as soon as possible; but, alas! there was more

red-tape about the admission of children than there should be, and Miss Oley appealed to Lena to help unravel it.

So the greater part of the next day was spent in going from the President to the Executive Committee, then to the Committee on Admissions, to the Committee on Foundlings, to the one on Free Admissions, to the Matron, back to the President, and so on.

Finally, an order was procured, and the Scott baby was placed under Mrs. Conant's care, but not without considerable grumbling from Mrs. Morrell, who couldn't see why this “miserable little baby shouldn't take his turn with the rest. It would die anyhow, in the Nursery or out of it, and it was a wonder that Doctor Lyons, if he had anything to do with it, hadn't let it die before this.”

Six months had now elapsed since the Nursery was begun, and, out of the forty children cared for, ten had died, or one out of four. No wonder, then, that all of us who were interested in baby Scott watched with great anxiety for the results of what had been done.

Miss Oley was determined that this baby should

live, if love and tender care could be of avail, for she was anxious for the welfare of the institution, and did not believe, as many of the ladies did, that the deaths could not be prevented, and that when the little ones dwindled away, one by one, that "we must recognize the hand of Providence in our afflictions, and be thankful for the mercies extended to us."

Doctor Lyons called once at the Nursery as a visitor, but did not wish to again, as the children were under the care of professional brethren, and his visits however friendly, might be misinterpreted; but often he was at our house, and there he met Miss Oley; and a safe topic of conversation—so it was understood, at least—was the Scott baby and its welfare.

However reserved Miss Oley might be while engaged upon other subjects (for she had become suspicious and shy of our intentions and of Doctor Lyons) this one she was free to discuss. The doctor, too, was glad of a common ground on which they could meet, and quietly espoused the cause of the motherless babe.

The first anniversary day of the Nursery was fast approaching. Arrangements were made for a grand display. Circulars were issued, the newspaper edi-

tors were seen, the building was thoroughly cleaned under the supervision of a committee of ladies.

How they worked for the "dear little children!" How love, energy and interest combined to renovate and revive when the day came! All the children had new dresses, aprons and shoes. All the nurses, clean white caps and aprons. Everything looked fresh and clean. The ladies were happy, the nurses excited. Some of the children were noisy and well, but many, alas, still wore their pinched, sallow and sunken features, along with the new dresses and aprons, while some of the most dejected were placed in a room at the top of the building, where Mrs. Morrell hoped that few of the expected visitors would care to go. The matron herself looked quite the lady in her clean new dress and apron; and with her widow's cap on, no one could more cordially greet the visitors than she did. The ladies were charmed with her actions and words—except Lena, Miss Oley, Mrs. Percy and Mrs. Bond, for they knew well, by this time, what manner of woman she was. Their interest in the Scott baby had shown them how suspicious, how overbearing, how self-opinionated—how ignorant she was. The baby had

thrived under good air good care, cleanliness—well-prepared, fresh and nutritious food, given at proper times and in proper quantities, as Doctor Lyons expressed it; and Mrs. Morrell was jealous of the attentions she knew it would get at the hands of the visitors, for she was not so stupid but what she could see this would be bestowed.

After viewing the children in the larger rooms, the lady visitors filed one by one into Mrs. Conant's room, and were enthusiastic over the appearance of the little baby there, who though only seven months old, was in much better condition than many of the babies a year or more old. Rev. Mr. Barnaby, with his written address wrapped in brown paper under one arm, and with the other supporting Mrs. Barnaby, went the round of the building, and in due time came to Mrs. Conant's room.

"What splendid babies we *do* have here in this institution. Why, my dear, they say that this child is poor Joe Scott's, you know, the shoemaker whom I let mend my gaiters a month or two ago. Nice fellow he is, too; but he did put an abominable piece of coarse leather into the shoes."

"Yes, Timothy, that may be true, but you didn't

have to pay anything there, did you?” answered his wife.

And there sat “poor Scott” all the time—behind a movable screen made to keep the wind from blowing too hard, and the sun from shining too fiercely, upon his baby, and overheard it all. He often came in on visiting days, yet was so evidently in the way of Mrs. Morrell that he staid but a short time and sorrowfully took his leave, but this day was a holiday for the institution, so he packed up his kit of tools, cleaned and brushed his almost threadbare suit, scrubbed his blackened and begrimed hands, washed his face, brushed his shoes, made of exactly the same leather as the patch on Mr. Barnaby’s gaiters, put up his blinds, and took the first holiday he had had for years.

Seated behind the screen he could be out of sight of the visitors and yet near his child, and when the crowd was attracted to other parts of the building, by various exercises going on, he would move up to the crib, and take the little fair hand in his great uncouth one, and watch the play of the expressions upon the sweet little face, or, if she fell asleep, he patiently sat and fanned away the flies. Once he

attempted to hold her in his arms, and play with her, but visitors surged into the room, and he withdrew to his corner. Evening came, and with it Mr. Barnaby’s address. The ladies were expectant, for much depended on this address, an appropriation from the State perhaps, for it was well known that the bulk of the support the Nursery had procured came from the city and county.

“Gentlemen and ladies, friends of this institution,” he began, “we are collected here to witness the success of one of the noblest charities in our grand city. Nowhere can such real good be effected as here in just such work as this. We educate, clothe and raise the poor little waifs, who, if it were not for this charity, would die, or grow into paupers, and form a part of the ‘dangerous classes’ which so infest our cities. I say ‘we’—this I should not say, for the success is due, under God’s direction, to the devoted band of women, who have labored in season and out of season, during times when all seemed dark, and the heavens were clouded; but light came to them, and blessings have been showered upon their pathway. To the devoted, kind-hearted and intelligent matron, the ladies, through their humble spokesman, express

their appreciation, this day, of her love and tenderness toward those poor unfortunate little ones who have been intrusted to her care. The ladies also desire that thanks be rendered to the attending physicians for their services. During the past year, a few of the inmates have been taken away to a heavenly home, by an allwise Providence. Gently were their last hours soothed by the tender care of the matron, and those under her. We are not to forget that we deal here in this institution with the fragile plant, the delicate flower and tender bud, and that as the plant, flower and bud cannot well bear the storms of nature, so our gems cannot well stand the storms and uncertainties of life. Yet our record compares well with that of similar institutions. Look at the record of our county institutions for children, and what do you find. Over *one-half* die every year. Look into the deaths among the poor and neglected, and what do you find? *More* die even. Then glance at the work which we have all met to celebrate and urge forward, and here you see the blessed results of womanly zeal and love. ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren,’ said our Saviour, ‘ye have done it unto Me.’ What a blessed thought to carry away with

us. May our hearts be opened to the influences of love for the little ones, and may we nobly respond, by contributions, by energy, by united effort, to the appeal for assistance which comes to us through the ladies of this Nursery."

The above is an abstract of Mr. Barnaby's address, and contains the main points. After speaking the reverend gentleman sat down, the excercises were brought to a close by Mr. Billings, who read a financial statement, the crowd dispersed, and as each person went homeward, Joe Scott remembered the patch on the gaiters, Miss Oley the fact that Mr. Barnaby had been unwilling to become a subscriber to the Nursery fund, Doctor Lyons that one out of every four children in the Nursery had died during the year, and Mrs. Jones called to mind that the *Crosstown Herald* constantly compared the statistics of orphan asylums and large institutions with those of private ones where there were few inmates, to the detriment of the latter.

Mrs. Bond carried with her the remembrance of the dear little Scott baby, so well and strong, and brought up on the bottle, too, while Lena and I could not forget the praise bestowed on the former Mrs. Flynn,

and no mention made of the real power for good residing in Mrs. Conant.

All of these facts, carried home by the people, were elements of dissatisfaction as to the management of the Nursery, and soon they crystallized into a plan of reform.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NEW PLATFORM.

THE appropriation from the State treasury was not made for the support of the Nursery, notwithstanding the long and eloquent appeal of the Rev. Mr. Barnaby, which had been printed in circular form, and had been sent to all the influential people in the State; and why was it not made? Simply because the Honorable Charles Jenks, Senator from one of the country districts, combined with the Honorable Henry Stone, Representative from the city, to have the charitable appropriations laid on the table for the present, and they were so laid.

These worthy gentlemen, so it seemed, had read the appeal. At first they were inclined to push for a liberal donation, but the rumors started in the city of New York found their way to Albany, and so it happened that, one day when visitors were not expected—in the heat of Summer, when most of the lady managers were out of the city, enjoying the air

and health of the country—the two honorable gentlemen called at the Nursery, were invited into the reception-room, while Mrs. Morrell hastened to the parts of the house over which she had control, to “tidy up a bit,” but was not very speedy in her return, and the time of the gentlemen was valuable; also, overhearing part of a conversation between the matron and one of the favorite nurses, as the two women scolded and fretted in the next room, because visitors had come just at this time when “everything was upset.” Messrs. Jenks and Stone, securing the services as a guide of a little four-year old boy, who was peeping in at the half-open door, went up-stairs and through the building on a tour of inspection.

The boy, anxious to be of service, and eager for the financial reward, which he felt sure would be his, still kept his eyes on the alert for the matron, for he well knew that he was trespassing on forbidden ground in daring to show visitors about. How blandly Mrs. Morrell did smile when the party, in their tour, reached the room where the matron was striving to “clean up after the nurses.” How cleverly she concealed her anger! How natural her apologies and excuses for the state of affairs! But

Senator Jenks was "too old a bird," so he said, "to be caught by chaff," and Representative Stone "had not served several terms at Albany for nothing," so they concluded :

First: That Matron Morrell was inefficient, if not quick-tempered and cruel, for little Sim Wiggins' cries had reached their ears as they passed out of the front door, begging for his "ten-cents," and he would never take people round again.

Second: That if the matron was inefficient, the sub-employes would be likely to be as they had found them, with a few exceptions.

Third: These exceptions were Mrs. Conant, whose rooms were neat and clean, whose children were well cared for. Then there were nurses who were endeavoring to do right, surrounded as they were by lazy women.

Fourth: That as records were kept imperfectly, little reliability could be placed on the published statistics of the institution.

Fifth: That Mr. Barnaby's appeal had misled them as to the healthfulness, care, order and usefulness of the Nursery.

So the gentlemen went back to Albany, sadder but

wiser men, and straightway examined the appeals and statistics from the other institutions. An investigation committee was appointed.

“Mistakes” and “clerical errors” only were found as to the number of persons treated in some of the dispensaries, asylums, homes and nurseries, and as to the rate of mortality, it surely must have been “unintentional” for babies to die within a few hours after reaching their mothers’ homes from a stay in an institution, or for a baby to be sent from one building to die in another; but the committee did not think so, and the appropriations, in some instances, were omitted, and in others the amount was reduced.

The lady managers of our Nursery, disappointed though they were at not receiving the money, went to work, organized a garden party, worked three days almost constantly, and finally realized *one hundred and fifty dollars*—a small amount apparently for the labor bestowed and the money expended, but no smaller is it than other institutions have obtained.

Mrs. Billings, and a few active workers, still clung to the Nursery, and worked as well as they could, but outside interest was flagging. Money did not

pour in as at the outset. The people at large were beginning to make comparisons upon the mortality in this and other similar institutions. The “people were very unreasonable,” said Mrs. Billings. “The ‘people,’ ” replied Mr. Billings, “must know less of what we are doing. The Nursery must not go down. We must economize. Cut down the grocers’ and butchers’ bills. Can’t you take off butter from one of the meals, and use less milk.”

Children were still admitted and children died, though not as many as in hot weather. With the Winter came a “grand ball,” which was given for the benefit of one of the grandest charities, the “Nursery.” But the excitement attending the preparations for the ball, the long lists of presidents and vice-presidents, managers and friends, paraded so conspicuously in the papers, the wrought-up enthusiasm—the moneyed results—did not upset the views of thinking people—and there was still dissatisfaction in certain quarters.

It was useless for the young lady managers to affirm that the babies were “little darlings,” and that the physicians to the institution were perfectly lovely when the thinking people could see that the babies

were wasting away, and that the doctors—"ladies' men" though they were—neat in appearance and gentlemen in manners, could not, or would not, ferret out odors, do unpleasant work, or spend time in giving instruction.

These "thinking people," much to the disgust and displeasure of the Billings' faction, went still further, and compared the physicians with those of other institutions which had earned a solid reputation for good work, and found that, for an institution to succeed, a physician must be a worker as well as a gentleman; that he must have persons under him who are competent; that he must have the power to regulate matters pertaining to food, clothing, medicine and sanitation; that he ought to be paid a salary.

Scott was one of "the people," and so delighted was he with the healthy condition of his own child, and so sorry for the weakly ones, he was compelled to see whenever he made his visit to the Nursery, that *he* even aroused himself to the importance of a change in affairs.

A valuable man Scott proved to be, ready for any work; and so it came that he carried messages from

Miss Oley to Doctor Lyons, from the doctor to Miss Oley, and from each, or both, to some of the other people, who were now banded together for reform.

The messages were always on nursery matters, of course ; but is it likely that even two such enthusiasts as the doctor and Miss Oley could write joint letters—as they were compelled to do at times—and yet for ever stick to the subject before them, and talk of nothing else ?

In due time a special meeting of the lady and gentlemen managers was called to again consider some plan for the raising of money. Some of the younger ladies were in favor of a Martha Washington Tea Party, where the characters might be assumed by the members of the joint board, and so save expense, and combine pleasure with business.

“ Our president, Mrs. Billings, might be Lady Washington, and Mr. Solomon might be the general, and I am sure our physicians will personate some of the people of ‘ye olden time,’ ” said the lively Miss Pell.

But Mr. Solomon, a worthy, generous, practical German, who had been placed on the board of managers for his influence, did not agree with the sug-

gestion; and when, in his earnest, emphatic way, he replied: "Miss Pell, vat we want now is to put dis Nursery on its legs like a 'biziness' man does with his own biziness," the sentiment was loudly applauded by the thinking people; and when the thinking people were counted, it was found that their number was in the majority, though the wealth was with the other side.

But, now that the ice was broken, it was astonishing to see how easily the opinion of any one could be elicited, and how strongly were the views in favor of a reorganization. Persons who before should have told of what they had seen, now came forward and testified, explaining their previous silence to be the result of not wishing to have any "unpleasantness."

When matters became so bad that they were openly apparent—after so many babies had died—then, and not till then, did some of these ladies come forward and state that "it was a real shame how things had been going on." Mrs. Morrell was called in, and the charges of inefficiency and neglect made against her.

To the astonishment of many, she made no defense, except that she had "done her best, and it

was a shame——” Here she stopped, and handed in her resignation, written out in full, in a hand that looked to me very much like that of Billings’ confidential clerk. She would probably have finished her sentence, had not Billings (so I thought) winked with his right eye in a very suspicious manner.

So she left, but only to take charge of a half-orphan asylum in another county. Her chief commendations to that place, so it seemed, were—First, that she had quite an extended experience in a nursery, and second, that she was introduced by the Honorable Mr. Billings to the notice of the trustees. These trustees, knowing of Mr. B. by reputation, and appreciating the value or experience, appointed Mrs. Morrell—once Flynn, once O’Flaherty—and felt secure. How long their apparent security lasted I do not know, for I have never heard.

After several meetings had been held, and much feeling had been shown in various quarters, a decision was arrived at. Mrs. Conant was placed in charge of the Nursery, with instructions to use the greatest economy consistent with health and happiness. The board of managers were cut down in size. The executive committee of seven, chosen by the

members of the board by ballot, were to hold office for one year, to have entire charge of the building and its wants, to attend to the finances, supplies, procurement of nurses, to divide into sub-committees, and do the work formerly attempted by twenty ladies. The advisory board of gentlemen was to hold itself in readiness to assist with advice. Regular meetings were to be held, at which the physicians, advisory board, ladies and matron, should be present if possible—at least, until the real executive business came up.

All complaints were to be submitted in writing to the full board,

No more children were to be admitted than could be properly cared for.

All directions of the physicians were to be registered in a book, to be open to any member of the board, and every direction was to be carried out if possible, and if not carried out, the reasons therefor were to be entered in the book, opposite the directions.

The matron was to be assisted by competent, paid help, and not by paupers or those who were incompetent through ignorance or a low social standing.

Mrs. Billings had withdrawn her influence and presence, on the ground that "things had changed too much." Both physicians, with ruffled dignity, retired gracefully. Rev. Mr. Barnaby could "not longer countenance an institution which could not be independent and assert itself, in spite of falsifying investigating committees." Ah, the institution did assert itself, and the same old building which had heard the death-moans of many a baby, now resounded with merry laughter, and the joyful cooing of the little ones. Did any die? Certainly they did, as babies will always die, but the number was small, and there was no lack of careful, motherly attention, for many of the nurses were mothers in fact. Cleanliness and order were everywhere and in everything. There was none of the loud calling in rooms and hall-ways that had disturbed the little sick babies in Mrs. Morrell's time. Inside the house, where the babies were, there was quiet and rest. The older children had a room to themselves where they could play and romp. On pleasant days, from the yard rolled upward merry sounds from the players there. The bedrooms, with the wire-woven mattresses, the clean counterpanes, the freedom from vermin, dirt

and odor, were real resting-places for the tired and worn-out bodies of the children.

A year passed away, and the Rev. John Peters, chaplain of the institution, read the annual report and made a few remarks. The report was a record, plain and straightforward, of the substantial work accomplished, a full and detailed statement of receipts and expenditures and the expression of hopes for the future. There was none of the clap-trap sentiment which so often mars the beauty and usefulness of a charity. The remarks of the chaplain were hopeful, encouraging ones. Not perfect, but striving to be, he was the embodiment of the progressive Christian gentleman. Without ostentation, without any previous study of mere statistics, his words touched the hearts of his hearers with real power. They came from a heart overflowing with genuineness and zeal. No sooner had he uttered the final words, "My friends, we have had much to be thankful for during the year—let us pray," than Scott (who had served faithfully as janitor) hid his face in his large pocket handkerchief and prayed with his whole soul, even if his lips did not move. There were other happy, grateful people there who

agreed fully with Scott, "That if a thing was worth doing at all, it was worth doing well."

The evening after the anniversary a reception was held at my house, and the thinking people assembled in goodly numbers and were happy. "Wasn't it splendid, Lena," said Miss Oley. "Aren't you glad that *my* doctor was appointed physician. We are to be married soon, and I don't object any longer to Doctor Lyons, because he is an unmarried man. Why, Lena, Scott's little baby brought it all about, I couldn't help loving the man, who loved that dear little tot." Yes, Scott's baby did effect this union and the little innocent did more—it established the Nursery on safe business and humane principles.

CHAPTER XII.

OUR JOHNNIE.

AS the Scott baby had effected much for the doctor and his lady, so the Matthews baby had taught us many things.

Johnnie was now three years old, had passed through tribulations that grieved him and tried us. Some bad boy had "stole his yag baby," one "dumped his big fat worm out of the box," another called him Jack, while another advised him "not to wear petticoats like girls." He had "swored at a man 'cause he stepped on the pussy's tail;" but it was ascertained that the swearing consisted in informing the man that he was bad, and wouldn't go to heaven.

We cannot at this time follow our boy through the joys and sorrows always intermingled, with the top, kite, school and jack-knife period of a boy's life, but must retrace our steps, and inform you how he managed to reach his third year, or, rather, how a good

constitution, anxious friends, loving parents and surrounding circumstances, pulled him along life's journey.

Some time since we left him at his eight month of life, and the possessor of a tooth ; now the companion teeth, nineteen in number—known in the books as “milk or deciduous teeth,” because, as a rule, they fall out and are replaced by the permanent set—made their appearance without exciting as much comment as did the venturesome first one.

To be sure, our servant became greatly alarmed at the prospect of the “eye-tooth” coming through, and Mrs. Vincent sent a package of slippery elm (it was ten inches in length and weighed about a pound) for little Johnnie to chew upon when the teeth should trouble him. Interested friends sent hard rubber rings and soft ones, black doll babies and white ones, for the purpose of amusing and benefiting, but he clung to his slippery elm and some licorice roots. There were all sorts of prophecies as to what we might expect when such or such teeth were cut, when the cold or hot weather would be upon us, when the whooping-cough, measles, scarlet-fever and diphtheria *should* appear in the neighbor-

hood. Lena's connection with the Nursery brought her into communication with the female croaker or grumbler, and I stumbled upon the male ones in and out of business hours. The very fact of my known interest in the Nursery, and being recognized as a father, pointed me out as a target for the fault-finders. Old Sol Wiggins complained bitterly of the cost of supporting a family—the eldest child, meanwhile, having free board with a maiden sister in Vermont, the second had a good situation and paid his board, while the Nursery supported little Sim. Mrs. Lazelle was full of evil forebodings—was ready to point out, at any time, that some sick child would certainly die as the tide went out. The question suggested itself, why can't the tide always come in, then?

The Church Sewing Society became a gossiping society, and dire stories were told of what had happened the various children at various times ; detailed accounts were given of severe accidents, prolonged sickness or sudden deaths.

All this did not tend to calm the minds of sensitive parents, and it required considerable training for Lena and myself to hear these accounts without anxiety ; but we became quite stoical, so much so that

our parents did really believe that we were less affectionate than of old.

The Winter came and went without the doctor's visits. Our house could be kept comfortably warm at about seventy degrees Fahrenheit. We had learned the value of proper clothing for the boy from Lena's nursery experience. The lessons derived from watching Mrs. Conant's care of the Scott baby had shown the value of proper food. As the teeth appeared, baked potatoes, with beef gravy, bread-and-butter, oatmeal, swiebach, the pulp of a ripe apple, a very little stewed fruit, or the juice thereof, some meat to suck or carefully chew, were given and relished.

The greatest trials we had to contend with were, undoubtedly, kind-hearted but officious friends and neighbors. One warm evening when the windows were open, and people sat out of doors to cool off after the labor and heat of the day, Johnnie gave vent to a series of well-constructed screams. One lady came from over the way to inform us that the baby was crying, just as if we didn't hear the racket. It may have been that she did not see us, in the darkness, sitting on the steps, but it was provoking.

At another time Mrs. Ferry called with an ointment which she had made. "It was compounded from an old family recipe, and was good for most everything." The same lady had a cough mixture which she said had cured cases of consumption and colds of every kind, and she felt sure it would be the very best thing for Johnnie's cough.

A few doors down whooping-cough had appeared, and several children in the neighborhood had begun to cough in sympathy.

Johnnie's cold in his head, attended by a wee bit of a cough, afforded an excellent chance for Mrs. Ferry and others to bring forward various domestic remedies. Our boy survived the taste of a number of them, and there was no charge for a doctor till, after one dose given by myself against my judgment even, he was taken quite sick, and I felt compelled to send for Doctor Lyons. The doctor did not believe there had been any necessity for the dose, so I paid the fee and felt wiser. I thought and concluded that it would have been better if I had not given that dose ; so we learned by various mistakes that a large proportion of the slight ailments of childhood can be overcome by attention to diet, clothing, place

of residence, condition of the air, exercise and cleanliness.

These lessons were all the time, too, being brought home to us through our visits to the Nursery and to tenement-houses and baby-farming homes, to say nothing of the disgust produced by learning of the practices of friends—giving medicine to ward off diseases, to cure (?) them, to get rid of phlegm, to dispose of bile, to increase or lessen the appetite, etc. Indiscriminate dosing was forthwith abolished in our house, and a stand was made against kind but persistent advisers. I have gone over some of these trials connected with the raising of our baby, and may mention more, for if any one expects to rear a child without worry of mind, such an one will be deceived. It was some of the so-called little worries that caused us the most anxiety, the how not to do it, as well as the when to do it. For the big worries we sought out competent advice, and then had the satisfaction of doing the best we knew how. So our little fellow, through his very helplessness, taught the parents how to have patience, how to manage, how to sympathize. What a store of information there was, too, in our visits to the tenement popu-

lation! Hundreds of families living in a block of houses, ten, twenty and even thirty families in a house, court-yards or alley-ways reeking with garbage and filth, house-cellars receptacles for refuse, with imperfect drainage; house-tops laid out as clothes-yards, or used on a hot night as sleeping-places when the bedrooms became intolerable.

In the majority of these houses there were no conveniences for bathing. The water supply was not sufficient. The one iron faucet in each hallway was patronized by thirsty women and children the livelong day. What could a poor, but respectably inclined mother do in such habitations to keep her children healthy and free from moral corruption, when one must meet immorality in the hallways, at the water-spout—in fact, at every turn? She was helpless, unless better tenements were built where she could find others of her class, or if she was not upheld by the sympathy and aid from outside.

Our little Nursery Reform Society gave this. With Miss Oley at the head, we visited these deserving mothers, distributed pamphlets on health, the care of houses and children, pointed out how a little paint or scrubbing, a flower, a clean table-

cloth, cheap wall-pictures, the arrangement of furniture and closets, the use of lime whitewash, a little disinfection, proper cooking, the absence of greasy food, and attention to the little details of housekeeping, would result in keeping a *home* for the children.

The gentlemen, on these visiting tours, did little else, I fear, than escort the ladies, which after-history pointed out as not being very unpleasant for Miss Oley and the doctor, at least. But when Mr. Solomon suggested that a model tenement-house should be built, and that he would furnish the funds, the gentlemen became active co-operators—with advice—and this building was established on “business principles.” It sheltered many a worthy family at little expense to each one.

Health became, in reality, wealth to many. No longer was there danger of contact with the low poverty which debases and defiles. In choosing from the applicants for rooms, we discovered that baby-farming was carried on extensively, and persons engaged in it were not admitted as tenants. One woman, receiving eight dollars per month from the city for the care of a child, had three children in her house—all babies—and these were fed upon a

quart of milk and a cup of cornstarch per day. There was not enough milk, and the cornstarch, like nearly all starchy foods, fermented, created trouble, and the children died, only to be replaced by another batch from the city's overseers of the poor. One woman was reported to have had one hundred children under her care, and to have reared *one* only. There was every evidence of want of care and the absence of oversight, so our Nursery, after its reconstruction, made arrangements with the city, by which the little ones were transferred to Mrs. Conant's care, and the baby-farming was largely broken up. Among the results of these investigations was the knowledge that many little children died, one might say, with the consent and by the wishes of the mothers.

Overrun with large families, and with little means of support, the survival of the fittest only was the natural result, when tender care and means for the support of life could not be obtained. Here again the Nursery did a good work, and transferred some of these families to their country branch; where the children were made useful about the grounds, and the parents in and out of the house.

In the early days of the Nursery it had been diffi-

cult to procure good nurses. Now many of the ladies, who were before mere figure heads as directors, had opportunities for work—real, live work. So varied was it that each one’s inclinations were suited. Some raised funds, some sought out the needy, found suitable nurses, kept the interest alive, procured employment for those who had served the Nursery well, prepared entertainments to cheer up the inmates, planned out and provided trips and excursions—did more work, and with more harmony, than could have been expected if all were officers. Such a band of workers had never been known before in the Nursery.

In the midst of our work Summer came—Johnnie’s second Summer. All sorts of evil had been prophesied, and we naturally dreaded the hot weather. Neighbors were hurrying out of town, and places were deserted.

My wife and I were besought to go away for the boy’s sake; so we did, and, after answering a cheerfully worded advertisement, found ourselves in one small room, with a small closet adjoining, in a low hot, half-farmhouse and half-village residence, at good boarding rates, where ice was costly and a luxury, and

where milk, eggs and the best of the fresh vegetables were sent to the city. The advertisement did mention the fact that there were fresh vegetables, but did not say how they were disposed of. Mothers with sick babies were at the same house, and found it impossible to obtain what they were in need of.

The country doctor lived miles away, and if wanted it might be hours before he could reach them. We had prided ourselves on not being compelled to employ a physician, but our close quarters, scanty supply of milk and the hot weather, made Johnnie sick, and we then wished ourselves home, where we went as soon as we could, but it was a mistake bringing the boy to the city in the hot weather; he only grew thinner and sicker.

The seashore was not far away, so we went there to inhale the salt air and to derive benefit from the cool breezes, but we found that there were hot days there as well as in the city, and that, unless we were careful to keep the boy out of the sun and well protected from the damp winds, that we lost rather than gained with him. That was an expensive Summer, one trip to the country and back, one to the seashore and back, doctor's fees, anxiety and worry of mind,

quite an amount to place over against the peace of mind which we might have had if we had staid at home, where at least we could be comfortable. We looked in vain for large roomy apartments in the country, in the mountains, or by the seashore, where all the conveniences necessary to the care of the sick could be had at reasonable prices.

Fall and Winter came, and our boy slowly regained his health, and soon reached his third year. His baby trials were over; we had learned much, had many sorrows and joys, and it was well that we had, for again the doctor was in the house, again was a nurse procured, and a second time was I a father.

“ A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it ;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were their no children to begin it.

“ The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.”

CHAPTER XIII.

WHICH CONCLUDES THE WORK—BABY REACHES HIS THIRD YEAR.

THE author having brought his baby to its third year of life, and having reared it, after more trials and narrow escapes than fall to the lot of many youngsters, feels that, in justice to himself, and with a due regard to the boy's happiness in the future, he should allow him to rest a while, and so he now proposes to be the father no longer, but to finish what he has to say, as one who has had occasion in various fields to see what transpires in divers families, establishments and institutions, and has drawn what useful information he could from the observations.

As it is undoubtedly true that many pills are best taken with some kind of coating, and the writer was asked to furnish practical hints under the guise of a story, in the hope that they might be interesting and useful, the readers have had an abundant opportunity to decide upon the point. Certainly you will admit, my friends, that every day, in this world of

ours, young people are married, and start in life by themselves, many of them utterly ignorant of the cares of a family or the expenses incurred in sustaining life. Some of them have mothers or mothers-in-law. Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. Matthews represent but two types.

They may be separated into four classes, the sensible, *not*-sensible, disagreeable, and harmful. For the sensible mother and mother-in-law, who, remembering her own trials with her first child, stands ready to give advice, or to render assistance, when needed; who does not assume all responsibility, but merely upholds the hands of the novices; whose manner, countenance, and actions, excite love and happiness—for such women we cannot say too much.

To the not-sensible class, without judgment, whose own children have been brought up to have things, simply because they wanted them, or who have been managed too severely, thus driving them away from home, or too leniently, resulting also in a severance of home-ties—to such people a sermon might be preached on the value of common sense, if it was not evident to the people themselves that even young married couples, full of love as they are, will tire

after a while at being interfered with; but plain as the evidence is, the world still goes on, interferences occur, the dignity and authority of the young father are at a minimum, and the sermon—well, the topic will be a glorious one for the clergyman to deal with, and, as such, we respectfully ask that it be made use of.

The disagreeable and harmful classes of maternals are the ones who figure largely in domestic broils and the public courts. They have not been introduced into our story, as our baby might not have survived their presence. Some one has said that a baby is a mass of "living pulp," soft, delicate, with all the organs of the body, which contains the mechanism of life, either ready to perform their duties, or preparing to perform them. Susceptible pulp it is, easily affected by rough usage, yet with great recuperative power. The comparative health-record of the children of comparative families and institutions is a good test of healthful habitations and proper care, as the rate of sickness and mortality is to the contrary. And what is a healthful habitation, proper care, and the necessary condition of a child for prompt recuperation? Our healthful habitation is a home where prevail

cleanliness, freedom from smell, free ventilation of air with protection from storms and prompt disposal of refuse, of sewage by good drainage and sewerage, of garbage by every day burning in the fire or by cartage.

Proper care is the provision and maintenance of a healthful habitation, the giving of food which is nutritious, agreeable to the taste, well prepared, and free from adulteration, the guarding against variations in temperature by suitable clothing. It means an observation of hygienic laws, and a co-partnership of mental and physical health with strength, each depending on the other.

“There are two sorts of maternity,” says Professor Foussagrives, in his admirable book, “The Mother’s Work with Sick Children,” viz., “that of *blood* and that involved in the *care of children*, the one being the complement of the other. Tenderness is the pivot of the former, intelligence that of the latter.”

The mother without tenderness and intelligence cannot well raise a family of children, if she succeeds in raising one, even. How, then, my readers ask, is it that there are so many living, healthily-looking chil-

dren among the poor and neglectful? We reply that the mortality is fearful, and can only be appreciated by the student and those who come in contact with the poor. As a rule, the children who survive are the sturdy ones, or with good hereditary health, who live in the open air, and can procure but the simplest food. These gamins cut loose from their mother often-times, and care for themselves. Healthful habitations proper care and a good heredity are the conditions, therefore, for the prompt recuperation which we have mentioned. It were well if parents could appreciate that bad habits, actions and language, mental and physical ailments, peculiarities and idiosyncrasies often descend from parent to child. This question of hereditary strength of constitution meets the physician and surgeon at every turn. It is often the deciding point in the recovery from a severe sickness. A gentleman related to me the following incident: A friend of his, Doctor J——, passing through a street of a country village, came upon a crowd surrounding a man who had been crushed in some machinery. The doctor was appealed to for assistance, but the man was mangled and had several bones broken. He was unconscious; his extremities were cold, and life

seemed to be ebbing away so fast that the doctor did not consider it possible to do anything except to bury him when he should die, and so he informed the people and passed on.

Soon a rough hand was laid upon his shoulder, and the owner of the hand, a fellow-laborer with the injured man, said:

“Doc, what do you think of that man yonder?”

“Think!” replied the doctor, “why that he will die and must be buried.”

“Now, doc,” urged the man, “do come back and do something; you don’t understand them Fullers.”

So Doctor J—— went back, bound up the wounds, splinted the broken bones, and helped carry the body home. Fully interested, he staid with the man. For twenty-four hours there was no sign of recovery, then he opened his eyes and asked for a drink.

After leaving directions as to care, the doctor was compelled to leave town. Some months after he returned to the place to find the man walking about. Ever since he believes in understanding “them Fullers,” and so may we all. The Rev. Mr. Barnaby, Mrs. Billings and Mrs. Morrell didn’t un-

derstand, and don't to this day. They are the people who excuse their shortcomings, their want of care, and the absence of judgment, by "it was a dispensation of Divine Providence"—"the child *was* to die anyway." We can't be expected to do a great deal." Miss Nightingale and others in England have not thought so, but have gone to work to instruct, to elevate the tone of the working classes; in short, to do what can be done by human hands, loving hearts and well-directed zeal.

Glasgow burnt to ashes the "fever nests" and some polluted sections in her precincts, and then rebuilt with well-constructed houses, and so lowered the rate of mortality. Infections and contagious diseases have time and time again been "stamped out" from localities, habitations and institutions by a vigorous enforcement of sanitary measures. Committees of inspection have found that the best results are to be obtained in public institutions from *continual* care and oversight rather than from the mere construction of a building; that a poorly built house, with good care, will give better results than the finest building without it; and so Mr. Lazelle thought, but Mrs. L—— would not admit it and

never will. While the world contains many of the Lazelle family, it fortunately points to the Jones, Percys and persons of that stamp who belong to the “thinking people.” Scott was right when he believed that “things were worth doing well.” Individuals holding positions of trust and responsibility, if they are honest and faithful, should be retained, and their services suitably rewarded. There is no greater mistake than to let politics, favoritism, or a religious belief have anything to do with the appointment, retention or dismissal of any faithful employee, however humble the position. Much of the trouble in the world is caused by misunderstanding and ignorance, and especially is it so with matters pertaining to children. Men and women, careful, particular and generous in their households and places of business, are too often mere figure-heads when made trustees of institutions. They do not appreciate the importance of their positions, and have rather vague beliefs that others will see that everything goes on rightly. The tendency to shirk responsibility is widespread, and the world needs more Oleys, Solomons and Lyons, each in his or her sphere, attempting to fathom the abyss of ignorance, and to separate

the business principles which constitute the machinery of all charitable enterprises from sentiment and enthusiasm, surely necessary, but as assistants only.

Unceasing vigilance therefore will do much toward rearing children in public and private homes, but it is astonishing how little there is of it even among the better classes. Take the ordinary collection of families at a picnic, and what do we see? First, large, healthy parents, with puny, sickly children. Trace up the history, and we find that some of the children were born weakly—the result of some indulgence in the parents, or they were at some time of their existence prostrated by a severe sickness, which has left them puny and weak. The sickness itself may have been a preventable one. Again, the feeble condition may have been produced by over-indulgence, the abuse of sweets and pastry, and the absence of substantial, nourishing food.

Healthy parents with several sickly children form a sad spectacle to the thinking person. As there are large women with large, healthy children, so we find many little women with children of the same kind, but there are small women whose children have

gained their size and strength at the expense of the mothers, who have overnursed and overfed. By the side of these puny mothers will be seen very often large and strong fathers, contentedly bearing the weight of a pipe, cigar, or perhaps a small handbag. Then what little tyrants these overnursed, overfed babies and children are apt to be, nagging, worrying the life out, even, of these frail mothers !

The family that appeals to our sympathy most is composed of the sickly parents, or mothers, and the sickly children. Women so poor, or in such destitute circumstances from some sudden calamity, that they neither have food enough to sustain themselves or their children ; women who have not the strength to insist upon obedience and whose future points to nothing but darkness. It may perhaps quiet the conscience of the oily Mr. Barnaby, the resplendent Billings, rich in money and pride, and the dignified Doctor Namen, to contend that these people *ought* to have brighter hopes, higher aspirations, that they *should* not despair, that there is plenty of work if they will only look for it. Why, my friends they have looked and looked. Only yesterday the Rev. Mr. Barnaby booked the father of one of these fam.

ilies as a tramp, simply because he appeared respectable and asked for assistance. Billings and Namen never gave them any encouragement. These are the families who must have encouragement and care if they are to be saved. These are the people who should be recuperated in mountain resorts, summer homes in the country, and seaside sanitariums. They yield the best results in health, happiness and gratitude. When these results are obtained, then appear hope, the desire and ability to work, and faith in the future—and not till then.

During the late Civil War, on my tour through some hospital tents after a severe battle, I encountered an earnest man who was endeavoring to do something for the poor sick and wounded soldiers, but evidently he knew but little of the stern realities of life. Going to the bedside of a man who had lost considerable blood from a wound in the thigh, whose clothing was bloody and dirty from the wound and long dusty marches, whose very appearance indicated hunger and fatigue, he asked, "Is there anything that I can do for you, my unfortunate friend?"

"Do?" replied the man. "Why, give me some-

thing to eat and drink. Dress this wound, and then let's have something clean on."

"I have no food for the body," said the agent, "but something for the soul, which is better!" And thereupon he drew from his pocket a religious tract.

This called forth a volley of oaths from the soldier, and the tract man disappeared.

Soon the wound-dresser came on his round, and the wounded man was cleansed, dressed and fed. Calling to the orderly of the ward—"Orderly," said he, "tell that man with the tracts I will read one now with pleasure. But how could a fellow take it in when he had been fighting and marching for three days?"

If a man can be reached through a good dinner, certainly these people can be elevated by nourishing bodily and mental food.

Let us take another look at this picnic-party, which is a little world of society in itself. There are the spoilt children, youngsters who will only eat certain things, who are selfishly inclined in whatever they do, who have whatever they ask or whine for, who run to excess and abuse. Is it likely that such

children can well stand the adversities of life? Then there are the disgusting children, with clothing always soiled, with disgusting habits, with decayed teeth and offensive breath, and these do not always belong to the poorer classes.

How did Mrs. Conant and the doctor reform the nursery and gain such good results? And how can we all decrease mortality among children, and make many families happy?

First: By seeing that every mother who can nurse her child—giving sufficient and proper nourishment—does so at as nearly regular times as can be.

Second: That nursing however little, with feeding, is better than feeding alone.

Third: If artificial feeding has to be resorted to, milk and lime-water, or mixed with barley or oatmeal water, rusk and milk—or bread (not fresh) and milk should be used, from perfectly clean feeding-bottles. The milk should be fresh, alkaline or neutral to test paper, and should not curdle in boiling.

Fourth: Up to two years of age milk should be the main food. After two years, vegetables, cereal grains, meat in moderation, and fruit, with cocoa and milk as drinks, in preference to tea and coffee.

Fifth : If there is any suspicion as to the drinking-water, boil it, or filter through charcoal and gravel, or one of the silicated carbon filters. I have known a young hickory sapling remaining in a well-prized cistern of drinking rain-water for a short time to have rendered the water unfit for use. Ice may retain impurities, and is to be watched.

Sixth: Extra clothing is better than the heat from fires, and should be used where possible, as the danger of overheating houses is lessened. Open fireplace stoves are preferable to closed ones. The "Fire on the Hearth" is an admirable one.

The heat of Summer can be modified in sleeping-rooms by the use of wire-woven mattresses, or hammocks for sleeping, cooling the air of the room by ice placed in an open tub or box, or by hanging in the windows cloths wet in cold water. The children should be sponged frequently, and if there is great heat of skin, the baby should be thoroughly oiled in addition with olive oil, vaseline or cosmoline, the surplus oil remaining on the skin to be removed by a dry towel. The clothing should be thin, but always remember that a weakly child is easily affected by cold or damp winds, so that judgment is needed.

Seventh : Air is absolutely essential to the child, and the very best is none too good. Night air must be used as well as the day. Then many of the children in our cities in the hot weather will recover from their sickness.

Eight : Disinfection of rooms, cellars, etc., may be effected by chlorine gas, evolved from a mixture of four ounces of permanganate of potash and one pound of muriatic acid. The objection to it is that it bleaches out colors. Sulphurous acid may be used by placing hot coals and sulphur in a lid on a pan of hot ashes. In either case, the window should be closed for six or eight hours while disinfection is going on, the carpets and hangings having been taken from the room. Sulphate of iron (copperas), and bromochloralum, are useful to disinfect water-closets, garbage receptacles, and the like.

And now the writer must part with his readers, trusting that the seed of truth, already sown in the story and the summing up, may not have fallen on stony ground.

As an aid to those who may need the information, the names of the following reliable books and journals are given for further reference :

"Health and Education," by Charles Kingsley; the "London Public Health," and also the "London Sanitary Record;" the "Sanitarian," published in New York; Charasse's "Advice to Mothers"; Coombe's "Management of Infancy;" the "Transactions of the American Public Health Association," published by Hurd & Houghton; Professor Fonssagrive's book—"The Mother's Work with Sick Children;" Miss Juliet Corson's books on "Nutritious and Economical Cookery;" Simon on "Filth Diseases."

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FROM THE LONDON SPECTATOR, SEPT. 15. 1877.—

* * * * *

We owe an invaluable addition to the literature of the gold camps to the widespread popularity of "Helen's Babies," a book which came just in time to correct the general impression that American humor was "played out." * * * * * The literary lawlessness, the unconventional air of easy talkativeness, the exuberant yet sly humor of this book, and its successor, "Other People's Children," combined with a peculiar vein of soft-hearted amiability, a peaceful permission of mastery to women and children essentially American, charmed everybody. Not one of us could do anything like these books; they are as much out of our line as out of our power, as is amply proved by a silly imitation of them, which became waste paper immediately—but every one of us could enjoy them. Still more thoroughly can every one of us enjoy "Some Folks," whose very motto, "There's as much difference in 'some folks' as 'anybody,'" is one of those quaint American sayings as characteristic as an Irish bull, and equally indescribable. These digger stories might be told by "Toddie" himself, grown-up, but with all his impishness unsubdued, his intolerable perception of theological difficulties undimmed, his devil-may-careishness developed into the gigantic proportions of all things Californian, and his humor, still chiefly stimulated by his stomach, finely touched to extraordinary dryness, subtlety, grimness, breadth, audacity, and exquisite affection of simplicity. * * * The soft-hearted amiability and submission to women which we have already remarked as peculiar to Americans turn up constantly in these stories, in the funniest association sometimes; as, for instance, when the first "school-marm" arrives at Bottle Flat, a run on Yankee Sam's store sets in, his stock of white shirts, seven in number, become visible on manly forms, his pocket-combs and glasses give out, and he "prevents bloodshed over his only bottle of hair-oil by putting it up at a raffle, in forty chances, at an ounce a chance." One of the funniest and most painful stories within our knowledge is the story of "Blizzer's Wife." It is difficult to read that of "The Last Pike at Jagger's Bend," because one must laugh until one aches, and hates oneself for doing it, * * all make up a novel and indefinable treat for the reader of this funniest of strange books. Since Bret Harte's succinct and cynical description of how the "chunk of old red sandstone" hit the disputant Professor "in the abdomen," and "the subsequent pro-

ceedings interested him no more," there has been nothing like the story of the fight with knives in "First Prayer at Hanney's." * * * * * Billy is dying and implores some one to pray; and here comes one of the most painfully-humorous scenes within our knowledge, a scene in which this especial type of American humor is exhibited in its perfection:— * * * * * The entire story is copied by the *Spectator*.

THE ATHENÆUM, LONDON, SEPT. 8, 1877.—There is the making of a very popular book in "Some Folks." It is a collection of short pathetic and humorous stories by the author of "Helen's Babies," and we may at once admit that *we like these stories better than Mr. Habberton's longer sketches.*

There are various opinions amongst English readers on the subject of American humor and American pathos. But, comparing "Some Folks" with other books of the same class, it is impossible not to rank it amongst the best. * * * * * There is indeed considerable art, so far as there can be art without literary form, in the character sketches with which the book abounds. It would be difficult to select any one of the three-and-thirty stories as being better or more true to nature than the rest; but the dying miner, in "First Prayer at Hanney's," entreating some one to say a prayer for him, and finally extracting comfort from a comical piece of irreverence volunteered by one of his companions, is a capital instance of the mixture of humor and sentiment which gives the whole book its tone.

N. Y. EVENING POST, SEPT. 20, 1877.—HABBERTON'S "SOME FOLKS."—The large octavo volume of character sketches and short stories which Mr. John Habberton has put forth with the title "Some Folks," contains, without doubt, some of the best work that this popular writer has done.

* * * * *

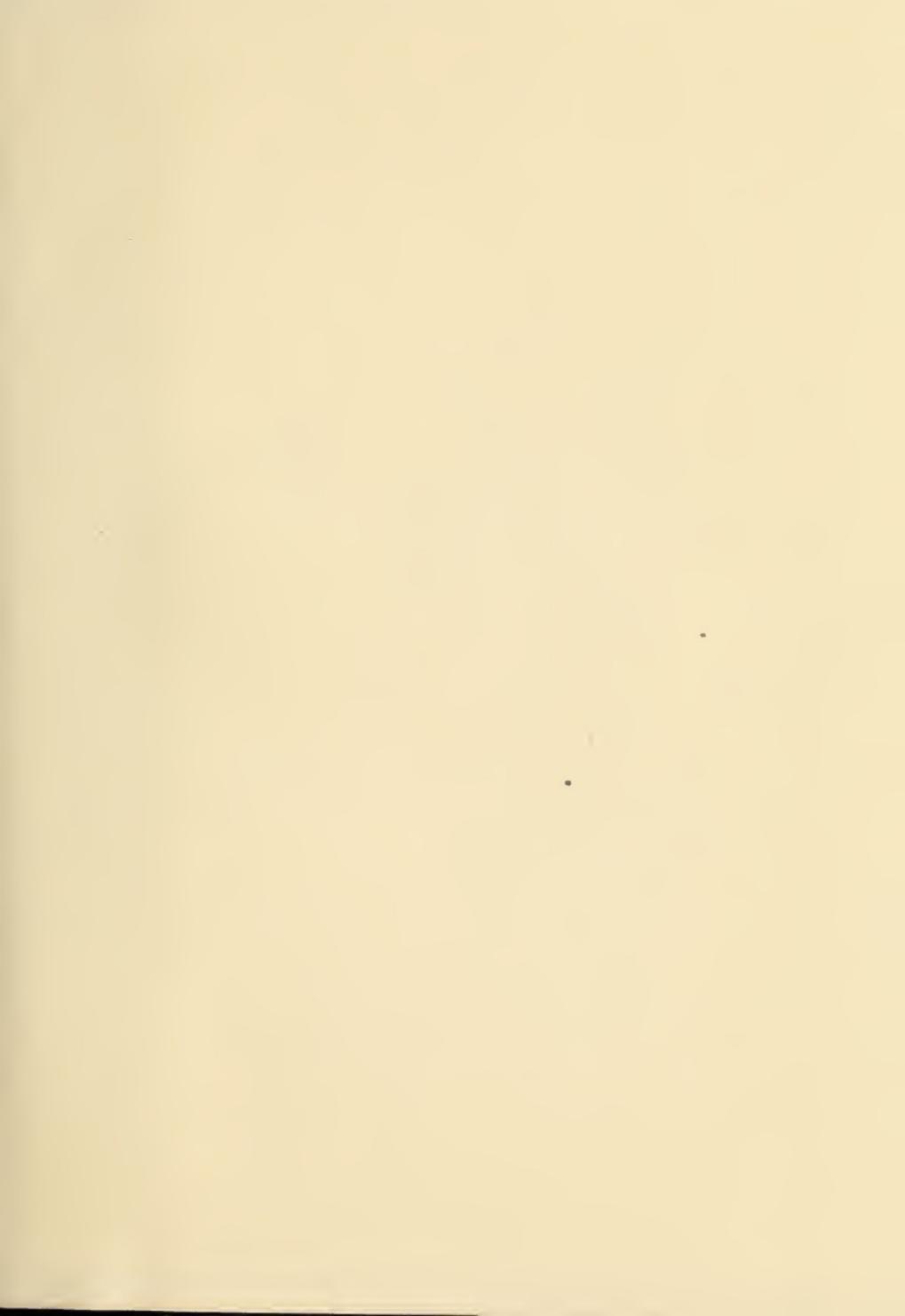
Comparing them with similar productions, from other hands, we find them to be like Bret Harte's stories in their setting. * * * * * Mr. Harte is a literary artist who cares only for his art; *Mr. Habberton is a moralist to the bone, who never relinquishes a moral for an artistic purpose.* * * * * * Whatever his theme is, he is, before all and above all, the advocate of right living and right doing as a better evidence of religion than any soundness of belief can be; the advocate of liberality as opposed to all narrowness; the contemner of all manner of pharisaism and hypocrisy. His ideal man is the good Samaritan; and his creed is that text in the Epistle of St. James which defines "pure religion and undefiled" to be "to visit the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Habberton has written fiction with a strong moral purpose, and to the extent that a strong moral purpose interferes with art he lacks art; but the deficiency is abundantly atoned for, many readers will hold, by the excellence of the moral which has caused it.

Where Agents are not Canvassing, this book will be sent post-paid, on receipt of Price, by the Publishers.



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